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REALITIES OF LIFE:

SKETCHES

DESIGNED FOR THE IMPROVEMENT

OF

THE HEAD AND HEART.

BY A PHILANTHROPIST.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

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1839.

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REALITIES OF LIFE.

PART FIRST.



REALITIES OF LIFE.

PART FIRST.

INTEMPERANCE.

"How sad a sight is human happiness,
To these whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!"
Young.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze."

"Beware what *earth* calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."—*Young.*

"What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! *To-day* most happy;
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How seant the space between these vast extremes."
Blair.

IF ever the prospects of mortal were bright, they shone in the destiny of Edith Germaine, on her bridal morn. Not a shadow flitted over the horizon of futurity, as the eye of affection, in anticipation, wandered over its vast expanse! Not a tear seemed to dim the brilliancy of its sunshine! Gratified friends crowded around, to congratulate her on the happy choice she had made of

her partner and guide! Parental satisfaction was expressed,—a blessing was pronounced,—and all was joy!

Sixteen summers had scarcely rolled over the head of the lovely bride. The home of childhood had sheltered her from the very *name* of *care*, and a new world appeared to be opening upon her, filled only with scenes of bliss! Just recalled from the restraints of a school-room, she entered with pride upon the important duties of a house-keeper and a wife. United to one whose talents, manners, station, and appearance commanded admiration, how could she be otherwise than pleased? He seldom gave her time to frame a wish, before it was gratified. Her home was stored with all that the hand of affection loves to place around those we value, to add to their comfort and enjoyment. Not a shade rested on their domestic life, and they were pronounced *enviable*. Such is existence!

A few short months sufficed to reveal to Edith, that her hopes of wedded joy had been based upon a sandy foundation. Too soon harsh words and harsher looks crept in, to whisper that some change had taken place in the heart of her husband.

"Can this be temper?" thought Edith, after an ebullition of anger. "No;" the placid brow, in general; the gentle voice, at times; the refined and polished manners, which were habitual, all denied the charge. "Does he love me less?" was the painful question that presented itself. "No," was again the reply. "Daily attention to my comfort—pride in my appearance—anxiety for my pleasure, forbid the idea!"

INTEMPERANCE.

"What then?"—And she paused in horror.—"What then?" She marked him closely, to discover if her dreadful surmise was correct. Alas! she soon, *awfully soon*, observed his altered mein and tone occurred *after dinner*; the time when that fatal poison, which sinks so many immortal spirits into the abode of misery, and blights so many of the fairest blossoms of hope, that bud upon the destiny of *woman*, is unsuspectingly quaffed; undermining the health, the peace, the reputation.

Let me draw a veil over the heart-withering sorrow of that hour. None but those who have passed this fiery ordeal, can ever imagine its desolating influence. To see that being, upon whom we have fixed our purest and most devoted affections—whom we have set up on the altar of our hearts, as an object of veneration—to whom we expected to look for aid, for guidance, for protection—whom, in every scheme we have permitted ourselves to sketch of future happiness, we have placed as the moving-spirit of the scene—degraded in the eyes of the world; and oh, anguish unspeakable, in *our own*! To see him unfitted for social or domestic intercourse! To feel that *his hand*, which we had fondly hoped would have shielded us from every grief, has sent the barbed arrow of despair to rankle in our bosom! To anticipate nothing but a life of disappointment and disgust! To find in the present no ray of joy; to expect in the future no peace! And, oh, above all other pangs, to dread an exclusion from the sanctuary of the blest, of that ethereal part which is to live in bliss or woe forever! These, these are afflictions into which no eye may gaze,—which no mind can estimate,—which no consolations reach.

INTEMPERANCE.

Long did Edith strive, with a studious self-delusion, to chase the fearful phantom from her view. Long did she cling to the feeble hope that these things were only occasional. Alas! evening after evening, night after night, closed in, and found him lost alike to consciousness and shame. The world suspected not, and she still smiled, to blind its prying curiosity. But the habitual drunkard soon himself discloses, what those who love him would anxiously conceal. Day, broad day, beheld his self-indulgence; and as he sunk, step by step, lower into the abyss of vice, his poor wife felt her affections sinking too. Impatience (much to be excused,) on her part, frequently breaking out into reproach, only aggravated a temper rendered violent by perpetual excitement, and their domestic intercourse was a burthen upon each. The more she blamed, the less he checked his passion; and the busy multitude full soon proclaimed to friends, as well as foes, their tale of misery.

A few short years dragged on in wretchedness, and the sequel was known to all. He sunk into the grave, with manhood's bloom upon his cheek, and his name was banished as a blot upon his kindred's household record. He died unpitied, unlamented, and unwept! Awful, though brief history! Ah, if it was the history of the few, we might have hope; but the many wear the degrading crime upon them. Our country blushes for her degenerate sons. The land of patriotism and virtue, upon whose tablets are impressed with pride, the names of men whose greatness is rivalled only by their goodness, to be the fellow-citizens of those whose only fame is the

INTEMPERANCE.

fame of disgrace! Whose only inheritance is shame!
Whose only destiny is woe eternal!

Is this the country of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Monroe, a Madison? Is this the birth-place of a Calhoun, a McDuffie, a Hamilton, a Hayne? Is this the land of a White, a Hobart, a Ravenscroft, a Dehon, a Cobia? Men whose virtues and talents dignify human nature; whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of the wise and the good; whose whole business is and *was*, to advance the cause of God, or elevate the condition of man? Impossible! The same clime surely never can claim *as her own*, the degraded, the debased follower of a worse than heathen deity. Impossible! Upon the reflection,

“Peace bleeds, and hope expires!”

Happy is it that *such men* live, and have lived, as can rescue our country from the contempt of other nations. With the Bard of Avon, we are led to exclaim,—

“Oh, that men should put an enemy
In their mouths to steal away their senses;
That they should with joy transform themselves
Into brutes.”

and with Prior,—

“Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus, and rage,
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to *forget*; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie in the draught;

INTEMPERANCE.

And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

But from this revolting picture we hasten to depart. It is our object to trace out the progress of Edith through her weary existence. Did she turn from her disappointed expectations to the *one* sole fount of unchangeable happiness? Did she realize the truth, of what so many before her had declared, that there was no peace beneath the skies? We fear not. Still, still endeavoring to slake her thirst for bliss, at the broken cisterns of this world's unsatisfying streams. Desolate in heart—unconnected with any of those domestic ties which had bound her—the husband of her youth lost to her forever—her children reposing in the tomb—what had earth to give her? Nothing! And *she* felt the dreadful *truth, nothing!* Friends pressed around to offer consolation; to cheer, to aid; but there is a blank in the affections, made by the destroyer's rude touch, which friendship cannot fill. And time dragged heavily along, without a joy in life, and with but few and feeble efforts to secure the hopes of a renewed existence.

Human happiness! A bubble—a vapor! Dashed upon the iron shore of disappointment, the bubble bursts; borne upon the blast of sorrow, the vapor vanishes, and leaves the trusting soul to wonder at the wretched cheat that bears the name. How long will man, immortal man, consent to fix his thoughts on expectations of human happiness?

INTEMPERANCE.

"True happiness is not the growth of earth;
 The search is fruitless, if you seek it there;
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And never blooms but in celestial air.
 Sweet plant of paradise! Its seeds are sown
 In *here* and *there* a breast of heavenly mold;
 It rises slow, and *buds*, but ne'er was known
 To blossom *here*,—the climate is too cold."—*Sheridan*.

These things are true, painful as they seem. And
 when *such* is our conviction, how strange is the propen-
 sity for desiring "length of days." We ask,—

"What then is life? What but a vale
 Of wretchedness and tears? What are the charms
 Which make us cling to its pomp, its grandeur,
 Its vanity, and glare? Not enjoyment.
 Few taste its sweetness, and fewer still find
 Happiness. Happiness! it is a plant
 Whose growth is not of earth; it flourishes
 In courts above, and none have ever culled
 Its fruits, tho' many hands have plucked its buds.
 'Vanity and the spirit's deep vexation,'
 Is written upon all beneath the skies!
 And *this* is life.—To *this* we cling.—For *this*
 Are willing to unbind the fragile chain
 That links our souls to heaven, and drag out
 A tedious term of years, unblest by joy,
 And unconsolated by hope. The *longest* life,
 How *short*! The *happiest* life, how full of *care*!"

Such is the quickly told history of Edith Germaine's
 wedded bliss and misery. How many heart-stricken
 wives may see their *own* destiny reflected in this faithful
 mirror! Let me add *one whisper* to the numbers which

INTEMPERANCE.

speak to the conscience, in the story before us. If the fate of Edith Germaine be thine, oh, wretched wife! be warned by her conduct, and soothe by forbearance and patience, the irritated temper of him who inflicts thy sorrow; and although thou mayest not reform his habits, thou securest to thyself the satisfaction of knowing thou hast not aggravated his passion, and increased thine own care. Turn not to *earth* for consolation, lest the prop fail, and thou shouldst sink unaided and alone.

GAMBLING.

"Oft when fond mortals think themselves *secure*,
In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin."—*Thomson*.

"Oh, happy you! who blest with *present* bliss,
See not, with fatal prescience, *future* tears;
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss,
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears,
Foreboding many a storm for coming years.—
Change is the lot of all. Ourselves with scorn
Perhaps shall view, what *now* so fair appears;
And wonder whence the fancied charm was born
Which *now*, with vain despair, from our frail grasp is torn."

BRILLIANT was the sun that rose on the morning of Agnes Howard's marriage. Cordial were the congratulations of her family and friends. Joyous was the brow of the beautiful girl, who designed that day to bless the home of William Melbourne. Gaily rang the church bells, as the carriage drove from the door of Mr. Howard's mansion, with its four prancing steeds. Light-hearted were the happy couple and youthful party, who sat out for Egerton Place, the future residence of the new-made bride. The cloudless sky of April beamed upon every budding flower and luxuriant shrub—merrily sung the forest songsters—softly blew the breeze of spring—fit emblems of the brightness that seemed to hover over the destiny of Melbourne and Agnes.

The tall poplars threw their long shadows across the avenue, as the coach turned from the public highway to approach the house. On each side of the road, jessa-

mines and roses clustered in wild profusion, pleasing the eye and gratifying the senses with their beauty and fragrance. Soon the commodious, though old-fashioned mansion, with its white chimneys amid the oaks, its large windows and columned piazza, burst upon the view, as a sudden angle in the path brought the travelers up to the garden, which extended from the steps to the gate of entrance. In the center of it stood an arbor filled with cages of birds, and the trellice work was almost hidden by the multiflora and Indian creeper, which were twined around it. Every thing looked inviting, and as William Melbourne handed his fair companion from the carriage, he whispered, "you are mistress of all." She gratefully pressed his arm, and thanked him with a smile. Nothing which wealth could procure was wanting in that home of love, and the early days of Agnes Howard's married life glided swiftly and joyously on. Her husband never wandered from his fireside to seek amusement. It was happiness enough to meet his wife's look of welcome, after his absence about a planter's business. Books, conversation, music, social intercourse, varied the time : and a thought of change never crossed, even faintly, the mind of either.

"We are very happy, dearest Melbourne," said Agnes, one evening, after he had been projecting a tour to Virginia, the succeeding summer. "We are very happy, dearest Melbourne, and why need we go from our own blessed home for pleasure?"

"We are so, my Agnes ; but I think you require an excursion of some kind, to amuse and benefit your health ;

GAMBLING.

three months have passed since we came here, and you have been nowhere yet."

"Oh, my husband, I want nothing more to interest me than your affection; nothing to affect my health, but your attention. Let us remain where we are; I dread to break in upon the tranquility of this dear place."

But William Melbourne unfortunately disregarded the desire of his wife, and visited the springs that season. He was delighted to see the pleasure she felt at the novelty of the scenes through which they passed, and he was never weary of pointing out those objects worthy of her notice, as they journeyed onwards.

There are few countries which present more to interest the traveler, than Virginia. The sublimity of the mountains; the luxuriant vegetation of the valleys beneath, which look, as you gaze down upon them from some vast eminence, like fertile gardens filled with fruits and flowers; the verdure of the trees and shrubs; the delicacy and richness of the plants; the beautiful waterfalls; the wonderful caverns and mines, which recall to the memory our infantile tales of genii and fairies; the evident signs of comfort and peace on the one hand, and of industry and enterprize on the other; the luxurious waters; the combination of rural with more civilized life; the strange commixture of the fashionable with the natural, in those who crowd those scenes, all awaken the mind to pleasure and amusement.

While with *him*, every thing afforded satisfaction, and Agnes thought she had wisely chosen when, to gratify her husband, she had relinquished her wishes and consented to the excursion.

Every body who has ever been to the springs of Virginia, knows it is a land of temptation. Idleness leads to dissipation, and dissipation ends, too often, in misery, perhaps disgrace! Tedious hours of week-day employments; neglected Sabbaths; pernicious companions; destructive pursuits, under the mask of amusement,—what can be their end?

“Going out again, Melbourne?” was the inquiry of Agnes to her husband, as he threw aside the book he had been reading to her, one warm afternoon. “I am very dull when you are away, dear William.”

“I shall not be gone long; but I promised to meet a few young men at Douglass’ cabin, to take a game of whist. I shall be back by the time you have made your toilette.”

“My dear husband, you did not care for cards at home; why do you indulge in them here? I fear you will imbibed a taste for them, which I dread.”

“Oh, no! not at all! Time, you know, passes slowly where we have no employment. When I get to Egerton Place I shall not require amusement.”

Agnes felt uneasy, but believed what she hoped would prove true. But weeks flew on, and instead of a couple of hours in the afternoon, Melbourne spent almost the whole day, and frequently the most of the night, at the card and faro tables. The agony of his wife was intense. He saw her sorrow and cursed himself for occasioning it, yet had not power, or rather, *would not exert it enough* to burst the fatal spell, and be himself again. He saw his gentle companion bathed in tears, when he

returned to her solitary apartments, and her pale cheek and lusterless eye were a perpetual reproach to him ; but her *lip* never breathed a murmur.

"Will you accompany me to church, this morning?" asked Agnes, one Sabbath ; "you know I did not go last week." (Agnes had learned, in the bitter disappointment of her life, to find repose and consolation, and strength to forbear and to endure, in those privileged exercises which draw us to the compassionate Redeemer in our afflictions.) She looked anxiously at the flushed countenance of her husband as she spoke.

"I cannot, dear Agnes, my head aches ; but you can do so."

"Oh no ! I will remain at home, and listen to a sermon from you, or read one ; my thoughts would wander from the sanctuary to you, dearest William."

"I prefer your going, Agnes," said Melbourne hurriedly ; "I think perfect quiet and a little sleep will restore me, and I should be worried to know you were detained from the services you value."

Silently, but tearfully, Agnes prepared for her departure ; she did not reprove, she did not contend, for several times, recently, had an opposition from her called forth an impatient remark—and she could not endure it.

Melbourne walked with her to the door, and then returned to his cabin. As soon as he thought she was engaged in her duties, he resorted to the dissipated companions who were violating the obligations of the Sabbath by gambling and drinking ! And this in a *nominally*

Christian community! Where are our laws? What are our securities?

His heart smote him as he left the room. It was the first time he had *deliberately* deceived his still beloved wife. He paused as he crossed the threshold, and reflected on the pangs he would inflict—and his resolution almost yielded to her uncomplaining gentleness. But the Evil One was too near to let his prey escape. He went!—and resolved to be back and reclining on his sofa as an invalid, when she returned! Oh temptation! Oh virtue! How swiftly do we tread the path of ruin, after the barrier is overstepped, which divides rectitude from error!

Could this be the high-minded, honorable Melbourne, who was pointed out as an example for the imitation of the young and the great? Oh, how fallen!

Agnes entered her apartment with that quick step which bespeaks agitation. Her mind had been tranquilized by the sweet consolations of the gospel; and a sermon from that blessed text, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you," had robbed her bosom of half its wretchedness. She needed comfort as she entered the room! She did not find the being she expected to meet—she felt that *he* had deceived her!

"Oh colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine played;
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."—*Moore.*

She sunk upon her knees and wept, and prayer soothed her. Hour after hour rolled on, and Melbourne came not. Agnes sat with clasped hands, bending forward to catch the first sound of her husband's footsteps; but it did not meet her ear. Yet she could not, for an instant, imagine he had forgotten the *holy day*, and polluted it by sinful and forbidden pursuits. Oh no. Her's was the pang of feeling herself forsaken. She never dreamed he had sunk so low in the scale of ruin.

Noon came and passed; the shadows of evening gathered on the brow of the mountain, and fell as a curtain over nature's brightness. Night closed in, and Agnes still kept her dreadful vigil. Midnight struck, and her agony knew no bounds. The supper her attendant had brought, was untouched beside her, and she remained almost unconscious. There are moments when even the devout are so heart-stricken by some overwhelming sorrow, that the consolations of religion are hidden from the eye of faith; and our God is too merciful not to pity and forgive the weakness.

She had lost the power of praying,—of weeping. Alone! alone with her anguish in a strange land,—without a friend to sympathize,—her only prop in the world rudely torn from her,—is it wonderful she suffered?

The grey light of morning broke through the self-curtained window; but Agnes sat unmoved, her eyes stedfastly turned to the door, her lips apart, her breathing short and quick. A footstep approached—the latch was lifted, and ere it fell again, one wild delirious scream rang on the silent air. Melbourne hung in terror over the

ghastly form of his wife, as she sunk at his feet and clung to his knees in agony. Her insensibility would have been a relief to him; but the fixed and dreadful gaze; the livid cheek; the cold, damp brow, deprived him of fortitude. "Agnes, my beloved Agnes," exclaimed he, "my own Agnes, speak to me for God's sake." She could not speak. "My wife, oh my wife, forgive me, and do not leave me thus." His voice recalled her to herself; she spoke; but the horror of that tone; its calm, unearthly sound; its awful distinctness!

"You have left me, William, for a long, long time; when are you going again?" and she passed her fair hand through his disheveled hair, as if her senses were wandering. Melbourne shuddered, and it glanced over his mind, "if she should be a maniac!" Ah, did his unhallowed pleasures render *that hour* less torturing? Did his dissipated companions crowd around him *then* to quiet the stings of conscience? No; he was *alone* in his misery.

But Heaven, *forbearing Heaven*, averted this dreadful calamity. He was not yet beyond the power of reformation, and God paused in his righteous anger, to give him another opportunity of securing his grace; and *she* was not yet so purified from earth's dross by her trials, as to have her probation closed in unconsciousness.

The sun rose upon the haggard countenance of the unhappy Melbourne; he sat beside the pale form of his now calm and weeping wife, holding her hand in his. Neither spoke. There are some emotions too powerful to admit of expression. Her unrepenting suffering

stabbed him more severely than the most cutting language would have done. But day advanced, and with it the necessity for exertion. At such a spot as a crowded watering-place, there is but little time or inclination for retirement and meditation. We must lay aside the salutary exercise of thought, and appear amongst the frivolous, the careless, the gay, if the heart bleeds. And William Melbourne's horror at the consequences of his night's adventure wore off, as he saw his uncomplaining wife rouse herself from her distress, and strive to hide from the world, by assumed cheerfulness, her present and anticipated troubles. She learned *where* he had spent the day and night; the *faro table* had been his resort, and she endured a grief surpassing words, at the conviction of his being so much infatuated by its attractions, as to forget the duties of that sacred day, which, from infancy, he had been taught to respect. But such is a Sabbath at the Virginia Springs! While many go there to benefit by a fount which the providence of God has provided, as a blessing to the sick and the enfeebled; while many a wife, or child, or companion, or friend is receiving, through its aid, "a new tie on life," and their hopes for the future brighten, as they behold it gilded with the hues of returning health—fathers, husbands, brothers, are blaspheming and insulting the gracious Benefactor who bestows his bounty, by their unhallowed and degrading practices. Shame upon the *proprietors* who permit—upon the *visitors* who uphold a vice so hateful as this, which stains the fair reputation of that land of noble hearts, and exalted intellect! Virginia, renowned

GAMBLING.

for her patriots, her sleeping heroes, and living statesmen; the birth-place of Jefferson; the home of the brave and the free, bears upon her front the debasing brand, "Encourager of gambling, and promoter of vice and degradation!"

Virginia! beautiful Virginia! oh, hold not in *one* hand the cup of blessing, (health,) while with the other thou presentest to those who draw near to taste its sweetness, the poisoned bowl, that scatters death and desolation upon all who come within its influence! Pause, oh pause and think! ere eternity compel thee to account for the souls lost forever through thy *negligence*, or *worse*.

A SABBATH AT THE SPRINGS.

—How painful 'tis to see

This holy day so idly *pass'd*! And souls

Immortal, living as if *forever*

They were to tread this busy, changing scene—

As if the world no grave contain'd, and Heaven

No judgment-seat. Oh, what a sad account

At that dread day, of these *churchless* Sabbaths!—

These sacred hours thus wasted, or perhaps

Far worse, profan'd, *lost*, perhaps *forgotten*,

By the giddy throng who confidently tread

Onwards, on the brink of that precipice

Where ruin lies; where one false step may lead

To death eternal! And is there a God

To please, a Heaven to win, a darker

Realm to shun? Is there a soul to exist

In never-ending happiness or woe,

Which may be sav'd or doom'd by *man's own deed*?—

It cannot be! or wherefore this reckless

Daring of the Deity? His holy

GAMBLING.

Laws despised, his threatenings unheeded,
 And his love unsought? Strange, alas! but yet
 Too true, that *mercy* is the cause. That Fount
 Which flows uncheck'd, though careless man may slight
 And scorn; far as from east to west its brow
 Extends! Archangels in mute wonder gaze
 On its length, and height, and breadth! and seraphs
 Tremble as they view the sinner heedless
 Of securing this unmeasur'd love. Give,
 Oh give us, Father, the seraph's grateful
 Soul. Teach us to worship thee for thy gifts
 Unnumber'd, in strains of holy rapture,
 Such as angels sing. And for *this* thy day
 Of rest, when from the careless world retir'd,
 We may sweet communion hold with thee,
 Our God, let our thanksgivings rise in notes
 Of sacred praise; and let thy blest spirit
 From realms celestial come, these wretched hearts
 To change, which cannot, or which *will not* bow
 In reverence before thy majesty.
 It was Siloam's pool of old, which made
 The blind to see; like that, oh, bid thy streams
 Of grace their darken'd bosoms bathe, their eyes
 To sight restore, ere thou callest them hence
 The scrutiny of Heaven's unclouded light
 To bear. Ere thou shalt ask strict account
 Of ev'ry privilege improv'd or scorn'd.
 Forgive their guilt, oh God. Cleanse their dark souls
 From sin's pollution, and make them like thee,
 Jehovah! spotless and undefil'd.

We return to the afflicted Agnes. For several days
 her husband abstained from those fatal indulgences which
 had absorbed him. He felt her wrung spirit needed
 soothing, and he resumed the affectionate devotion of

earlier hours. He was happier himself. Virtue had only slumbered on her post; she had not left it forever; and he determined to keep away from evil society, and cling the more closely to the guardian angel who watched beside his path, and never led him wrongly.

Idleness, that inventor of so much misery and crime, is the *fiend's* most active agent in procuring the downfall of his followers. At the Salt Sulphur Springs, there are few objects to divert the attention from weariness. Books fatigue, and fashion sickens, and too often the *faro table* invites the idler to lose alike his *ennui* and *peace* at its unhallowed shrine. Many a one who has gone to its haunts to gaze upon the success of others, and pass away the time, has himself afforded, in his turn, food for speculation; and hours, days, weeks, have been witnesses of his folly and his guilt. Many a happy wife has returned from a summer's excursion broken-hearted and forsaken. Many a child has been rendered destitute by the father, whose hand should have provided for its helpless years, instead of himself squandering the support it needed. Many a winter of domestic sorrow has succeeded a "pleasant season, amongst the mountains of Virginia." Virginia! Virginia! rouse thee from thy fatal lethargy and redeem thy name.

"Come with me to the *faro table*," said Mordaunt Lascelles, as he saw Melbourne sauntering idly by the spring one afternoon, when he had exhausted his stock of books, and began to feel the tedium of home.

"I cannot," replied Melbourne firmly; "I have promised my wife never to play again."

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"Promised your wife! psha! how is she to know it? Besides, I do not ask you to play; only go and look on; I have a large bet impending."

"I cannot," less resolutely answered Melbourne.

"What folly, William! Why if this is the style of you married folks, it will scare matrimony from my noddle. What harm can it do?"

"It distresses Agnes, and I do not wish to give her a single pang. You don't know her affection to me, Lascelles, or you would not expect me to forget her desires, even in trifles."

"It is indeed a trifle, dear Melbourne, and you should view it as such. What difference can it make to her? She will not be a bit the wiser, unless you tell her *yourself*; and you will be back long before she wakes from her afternoon's nap."

"I have no objection to walking as far as the door with you," said Melbourne; "but I will not go in."

Alas! experience might have whispered that the *first* step in base compliances should be avoided.

At the threshold Lascelles said, "only look in for a single moment. I hate to stroll alone to these places, as if I was ashamed."

"Well, I cannot stay, remember," replied the vacillating Melbourne; "only a moment, recollect."

The shades of twilight enveloped the mountains, and night's dewy veil was descending fast over the fair scenes around, inviting the footsteps to go abroad and enjoy the soft breeze and brilliant moon of that delightful climate; but William Melbourne was still in the

heated and suffocating atmosphere of a crowded gambling-room. Bet after bet upon his friend's cards, led to his taking part in the game; and virtue—Agnes—the past—the future—were all forgotten.

Agnes sat by her window sighing for the arm of her husband, in the promised walk upon the mountain before her; but he came not; and her heart sunk at the thought of the possibility of his having forgotten his solemn promise to her, and of his renewed indulgences; but she could not believe it. Some companion had invited him to ride or walk, and they had gone too far. Or some acquaintance had just arrived, and detained him with inquiries and information. Any thing except *the truth* possessed her mind.

At length he entered; his eyes blood-shot—his manner excited. "Agnes," said he impetuously, "Agnes, my wife, take me away from this place, or I shall be lost to you and to Heaven."

"My dearest Melbourne, where have you been, and what can be the matter?"

"I have been to the gambling-table, and squandered what would have made you comfortable; I am miserable."

"Oh Melbourne! how could you do what you had assured me you would not? Did you not pledge your word to avoid cards?"

"I did, but Lascelles drew me on, until I went with him and joined in the game. I must go from this hateful spot to-morrow."

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"I will do so most gladly, dearest William, and you must not grieve for the *gold* you have lost. This is our least consideration; only be as you once were, happy with me, my husband, and I shall be blest."

"You are an angel, Agnes! and I do not deserve such a wife." She perceived he was not altogether *himself*, and forbore conversation on this subject; but strove to amuse his mind by arranging and packing their things, so as to admit of no delay in their movements. She had endured too much anguish of spirit there, to desire to stay a single day longer.

She sat beside him until he had fallen into a deep slumber, and then flew to the refuge of prayer, as a consolation for her overburdened heart, and *was* comforted. Delightful privilege of the unhappy! When the world, and those we love best, desert and afflict us, a benevolent Redeemer opens his arms to receive, and overshadows us with his wing from every ill.

When Melbourne awoke from a profound sleep the next morning, he found Agnes with her riding-habit on, prepared for a journey, and the carriage at the door with their baggage fixed, so as to expedite their departure. He looked disappointed, for he had hoped to linger a little longer; and intended excusing his doing so, by pleading indisposition. The excitement of the previous night only redoubled his desire for play. But when he remarked to Agnes that she was in haste, and he hardly cared to go, she urged him to get ready; and feeling ashamed to yield to his own motives, he complied, and they departed.

Every mile they rode, lighter and lighter felt the load on his wife's heart. She trusted that an absence from the dissipated society he had been with, would restore his fluctuating virtue, and hope sprung up in her desolate bosom at the thought.

On their arrival at the Sweet Springs, that lovely, romantic spot, all seemed to promise tranquility. Its undisturbed stillness was refreshing; after the bustle and heat and crowd of the adjoining spring, it was delightful. The season for its fashion had not yet arrived, and for a time, at least, nature's charms alone were to be enjoyed there.

Removed from the evil example of idlers and gamblers, Melbourne was "himself again," and Agnes believed the spell was forever broken, which had so fatally enchained him.

The settlement is at the foot of a mountain, whose thick underwood, verdant grass, and lovely flowers, invite the lover of the beautiful to roam, when the heat of the day has given place to a cool twilight. From its summit, "hill upon hill rising," seem to encompass the country, and cultivated valleys meet the eye on every side, full of busy life and comfort. Within an enclosed building are cold baths, whose waters, clear as crystal, are perpetually bubbling to the surface, looking like some mirrored lake; and shaded walks amidst the foliage of the forest, are charming. Often did Agnes wander amongst the delightful scenery, happy in the society of her husband, and obtaining real enjoyment from his sensible and interesting conversation. There are many

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pleasant rides in this neighborhood, and pacing on her little pony, by his side, she experienced much of her former peace. The spot most frequently visited, was the Beaver Dams, three or four miles from the Spring. After following for some distance a narrow path-way, a sudden turn in the road leads to a picturesque water-fall, so far in the woods as to render it necessary to dismount, and walk through the thick shrubbery; beneath the stream are large caverns, which, tradition asserts, were the work of beavers, where spars and stones of various shapes and colors may be gathered.

"How beautiful," said Agnes, after a pause in their remarks, while they silently contemplated the foaming waters, "How very beautiful is water! View it as we may, rippling in the stream, or roaring in the cataract, we cannot look upon it and be indifferent! It seems to bear upon it the impress, 'God made me,' so plainly, that none can mistake the language. There is a companionship in it. It soothes the desponding spirit to watch the smooth tide as it softly glides to the shore, or murmurs in the wave that dashes against the beach; and as one and another, and another rolls onward, each bearing a close resemblance to the next, the mind is exercised with thoughts of the Deity whose mighty hand framed them, and we wonder and adore! Particularly in a cascade, we see his touch divine. How perfect the symmetry of every drop, as the stream into atoms breaks, by its impetuous rush over the rugged rock, radiant and bright with the hues of Heaven's own light! Take it in what-

every aspect we may, water is inexpressibly beautiful; and we cannot gaze upon it and not remember God!"

"Very true, Agnes, and I feel in this calm retreat, far from the confusion and excitement of active life, as if we *should* be virtuous! And the wild rage of passion; the indulgence of forbidden pursuits; the unhallowed usages of the world, seem to be of ten-fold importance in the scale of man's accountability, as I see so plainly the presence of Jehovah. Art may produce much to please the eye and gratify the senses, but the Omnipotent *alone* could form the glorious water! He appears to speak in every echo of the torrent, and bid us fear, and yet adore the mighty Architect; to remember that the same hand which bade the stream glide tranquilly along to fertilize the soil and cheer the husbandman, directs the overwhelming cataract, which, in its unchecked course, oft sweeps to ruin the fairest scenes of industry and joy! And thus He, in a moment's wrath, can crush them to the dust with his righteous vengeance!"

"Encourage such emotions, my William, and they will elevate your spirit, and make you scorn to yield to the temptations of this world of vanity, and learn to tread it beneath your feet, as *He* does who framed it."

Agnes turned from the lovely spot, with a renewed assurance that his heart was cleansed from sin, and that the sunshine of her existence would remain unbroken. Joyously she conversed, and hung upon the words of sweet and solemn instruction Melbourne uttered. He had been early taught the path of rectitude and piety; and though no professor of religion, its restraints had

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not been altogether neglected, and he, therefore, was able to speak with feeling on the subject. The impression made on his mind, by the beautiful scene he had been contemplating, did not wholly leave him that evening, and the day ended in rational and improving conversation. But,

"Love has no home so sacred, that *change*
May not creep in to mar its beauty!"

The third week drew to its conclusion, since their sojourn at the Sweet Springs, and our hero and heroine still continued to enjoy themselves in tranquility and peace. Agnes suffered not a shade to dwell upon her bright anticipations, and a future, full of satisfaction, stretched itself before her brilliant imagination.

That evening a party drove up to the hotel, and asked for lodgings. Another and another followed, and before the third day's close, the place was thronged with the butterflies of fashion, who flutter from one scene of pleasure to another, to exhibit their gaudy trappings awhile, and then fly away to other regions, there to make a similar display. Who does not know, that has ever been at the Springs, how often the almost total solitude of the morning has been succeeded by the bustle and commotion of an over-crowded night?

Carriages with their out-riders, and wealthy travelers within; vehicles of every shape, and name, and size; some with the gay and joyous; some with the pale and sick; some with the speculating and the vicious; all find accommodation; and the rural beauty of the place

is soon lost in the giddy whirl of folly and noise, while the invalid languishes in vain for the quiet and repose of the delightful country!

"Mordaunt Lascelles has come!" was the joyful exclamation of Melbourne, as he entered his cabin one afternoon. Agnes was not superstitious, but she felt a presentiment of evil as she heard it. She had associated him in her thoughts with her husband's errors, because, of all the idle wanderers about that realm of indolence, he had seemed the *most* idle! And unable to find resources within his own vacant mind, he often wearied her patience by his lounging at their rooms, when she desired retirement; and too often his invitation allured Melbourne from *her* society. She did not reply when he spoke, and the subject was dropped.

It was her wish to leave the now no longer attractive spot; but her husband would not consent, and she could only strive to interest him at home as before. The troubled eye and restless manner of Melbourne, after an absence of a few hours from her, rendered Agnes uneasy, and his redoubled affection at such times, only added to her anxiety. It seemed to be a sort of peace-offering, for some unrevealed wrong he had done her; yet she dared not intimate her suspicions. Time went on, and at last she could not forbear to speak. ◆

"Dear William, you are not as happy as you were a week ago," said the tearful wife, as she pressed her quivering lips to the flushed brow of her husband, on his return from a visit to Lascelles; "Do you love me less, my husband?"

Melbourne did not reply, but arose and walked in the piazza; yet it was not in anger. Her melancholy tone had touched his heart. She followed him, and gently putting her arm through his, placed her hand in his own. Melbourne raised it, and impressed a kiss which was mingled with tears, upon it. They both wept, for it was the *first* sorrowful moment they had felt for weeks.

Lascelles called and asked Melbourne to go and pay a call with him.

"Not this evening," answered he; "I am engaged." He passed it in reading to his wife. She felt the tribute, and prized it.

The next day, and the next, Melbourne refused the solicitations of his companions, to join in their wretched pastime, and would not even taste of the champagne which before had been abundantly proffered, to cause forgetfulness, ere they visited the haunts of vice. The anguished look of his wife pursued him every where, and he could not soon forget it.

"The silent upbraiding of the eye
Is the very *poetry* of reproach!"

Melbourne was conscious his safety consisted in flight; but he would not heed the whispers of prudence; he relied on his resolution. Feeble prop!

"Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motion of the mind! With how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to *nothing*, what it raised to law."

Agnes trembled as she saw him join Lascelles and a party of gay young men, a few days afterwards, and walk towards those dreadful cabins, removed far from the hotel, where the dark deeds of vice are practised unobserved. She was not surprised when he returned excited, his manner hurried, and his color heightened. She knew too well that he had again forgotten his promises—had again planted a dagger in her heart! Such scenes were frequent now, and she was miserable. There appeared to be an infatuation about the very air of that place. No arguments could convince, no entreaties persuade, and he refused to leave the pleasant circle he had just met. Less and less remorse seemed to follow his indulgences, and Agnes feared his dissipation would become habitual.

At last the company dispersed, and they, like the rest, crowded to another resort. The same pursuits, the same pleasures occupied them. Time—*precious, responsible time*, was to be destroyed in the most agreeable manner, and it mattered not *how* it was made to take wings! The season over, visitors departed to their various destinations. Some to roam about the fine scenery of Virginia; some to *fashionize* in New York; others to *advance* homewards. Of the latter were Melbourne and Agnes. Lascelles *accompanied* them. Agnes felt less dismay now at *his* presence, as she thought there would be no opportunity for his *leading* her husband on in the unhappy propensity he *had* imbibed, and they were to separate at Richmond in a few days. Alas for human speculation!

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The races detained them a week in that city; and when Agnes found evening after evening pass without the return of her husband till midnight, she felt anxious. The fumes of tobacco about his hair, and the flush on his cheek, told her he had been amongst the dissipated. On inquiry, she discovered that that beautiful city was also degraded by its abundant gaming houses, and well-furnished bar-rooms. We turn with horror from the picture! The seat of vice and misery!

In vain did the extensive prospect, with its distant mountains and expansive waters; the large buildings and tasteful gardens; the fine churches; the picturesque canal, and the symmetrical capitol crowning the hill, and seeming to overhang the town below, meet the eye of the lonely Agnes. Her crushed heart could receive no gratification from outward objects; all was too cold, too desolate within! Her only refuge from despair was the throne of grace; her only hope, the mercy of her God!

Gladly was the morning hailed on which she lost sight of the steeples and heights of Richmond. Lascelles still accompanied them, and Agnes could scarcely bring herself to be civil to him. They separated at Norfolk, and she breathed freely once more. Home, blessed home, received them again, and Melbourne resumed his usual habits, and seemed to forget *such a summer* had been past. Freed from continual apprehension, and restored to his undivided attention, Agnes was cheerful and happy. The dismal recollections of anguish in times gone by, flitted frequently across her memory, like dark clouds;

but she strove to banish them as if they were the phantoms of some fearful dream.

Winter passed on, and was lost in the budding of spring's sweet flowers, and her balmy breezes.

"I expect our friend Lascelles to spend a few weeks with us," said Melbourne to his panic struck wife early in February; "will you not be glad to receive him?"

"Oh no!" hastily replied Agnes; "Oh no, William, I never feel comfortable in his society; I wish my husband that he had not offered to visit us."

"He did not offer, Agnes. I wrote to beg him to come. Egerton Place has been dull this winter, and I feared it would be too solitary for you; and your spirits require company."

"My dearest William, you are unjust to yourself; I find your society sufficient for my happiness. I need no stranger's voice within these walls to render them charming to me. I cannot like Mr. Lascelles."

"Agnes! Agnes! I dislike prejudice; you know he was always very attentive to you, and I do not see why you should take an aversion to him."

"He is too frivolous—too dissipated, to be a fit companion for an intelligent and moral man."

"You are severe, wife; but there is no use in talking; he is coming, and we must entertain him—that's all." He whistled an opera air, and left the parlor.

Agnes shed tears of mingled distress and mortification. "*Here, at least,*" thought she at last, "*here* they cannot gamble;" and the idea consoled her.

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A week of Lascelles' visit passed in country sports. The fatigues of hunting or fishing all day, made the gentlemen glad of an early supper and repose. Agnes began to believe she was not quite right to dislike him. He had laid aside much of the foppery and absurdity of fashion he exhibited at the Springs, and although his conversation was not intellectual, it was not so trifling as it is apt to be in a scene of monotony and folly. She thought him *endurable*, at all events.

"Put out that table, and bring lights," was the order of Melbourne, to a servant one evening, after a day of *indoor* occupation; rain having prevented the usual engagements abroad. "Come, Lascelles, let us try a game of *écarté*." And the cards were produced. "An hour's diversion will drive off the vapors, after our tedious morning."

"Agreed," said Lascelles; "What will you bet?"

"Oh, do not bet!" exclaimed the anxious Agnes; "do not bet, and I will sit by and see you play."

"Certainly," replied Lascelles politely; "we will only use these counters, Melbourne."

Melbourne understood him, and they proceeded. After supper they did not resume the game, and Agnes was satisfied no harm could arise if they only played for amusement, and so moderately.

Before the week ended, not a night passed that did not witness the still excited companions over their game, till twelve, sometimes one o'clock. Agnes felt as though a serpent had crept into her Eden of bliss, and spread fatal poison amidst its fairest scenes. She feared peace was

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forever banished from her home, and that the passion Melbourne was thus strengthening, would so completely wind itself around his heart, that its spells could not be broken.

None but such as have tasted the same bitter cup themselves, can understand the extent of her sorrow. How would the meditation of those melancholy nights sadden her! Her mind wandered back to the bright days, when flushed with youth and beauty, the brilliant Melbourne presented himself at her father's dwelling as her lover; then to those more quiet months when they were "all in all" to each other, and the smile of content lighted the countenances of both; and then to the pleasure of their travels, as he pointed out to her inexperienced eye, the grandeur of mountains, and loveliness of cultivated scenery. But soon would too faithful memory recall the *first* dim shadow that rose upon her life's horizon; then the dark flitting clouds that often hid the sun of joy, followed, alas! by the dreadful storm that was sweeping away her happiness! What a transition for an affectionate spirit!

Oh, memory! *blessing* or *curse* of the soul!
Bliss or *bane* of our existence! Why, why
Art thou sleepless, ever ready to thrill
Into consciousness, when the bleeding breast
Would have thee slumber? Yet 'tis happiness
To live o'er again in memory, days
Of joy, and peace, and love, when early ties
Were strong, and the bosom's spirits bounded
Within us to tones of fond affection!
To banish these were misery, although

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With them spring up thoughts of grief and sadness !
Such, perhaps, are salutary. They bring
The soul to deep humility, and bow
It down to heaven, to ask forgiveness
For the misused past.

Mordaunt Lascelles was one of those characters too frequently to be met with in this world, who depend on others for every enjoyment. With a large fortune, much personal attraction, and a great deal of time at his disposal, he spent his life in a perpetual search for amusement ; and from having lounged about the different watering-places of note, managed to pick up many acquaintances, and always found a plenty of idlers to enter into his schemes of dissipation. And yet he was not what *society* would call a bad man. He was not *dishonorable*, for he paid his tailor's bills, and his gambling debts. He was *temperate*, for he never got too much excited, except at a frolic, once or twice a week. He was *agreeable*, for he had a large stock of the nonsense of fashionable conversation. He was *obliging*, for he always had plenty of leisure to join a friend in an excursion of pleasure. He was *hospitable*, for his large mansion was seldom without a party of jovial companions, who passed their spare moments in mirth and revelry. Unhappily for us, there are, in our country, too many Mordaunt Lascelles. The habitual idler is a pest to any community, and the bane of many a wife's and mother's peace. And yet society tolerates them.

Agnes Melbourne felt he had been the bane of *her* peace. Whenever Melbourne's wavering virtue stood

upon a turning point, *he* was sure to step in and bias the scale towards evil. And William Melbourne would have been a better and happier man if *he* had never crossed his path.

His visit was extended to what Agnes thought an unreasonable length; but still she had to endure it. Remonstrances to her husband were of no avail. He said he could not violate the rules of politeness, and prevent his guest from amusing himself as he wished. He had much less delicacy in breaking the commands of God! He was unfitting himself for his duty to *Him*, to his wife, to his country!

"You will spare me a week, Agnes?" said her husband at breakfast, the morning of Lascelles' announced departure. "I have promised to go with our friend to see how he keeps his bachelor establishment, that I *may* be able to recommend him to some fair damsel. If you are dull, send the carriage for Anna, she will supply my place well—will she not?"

"No one has ever yet done so to my satisfaction, William," answered Agnes tremulously; "in your absence I prefer being alone. I do not feel well, and it would not be altogether right to tax my sister with my presence now."

"If you are at all indisposed, my wife, I will not go," said Melbourne; looking, however, as if he wished her to say she was not sufficiently so to detain him; though her pale cheek and languid air plainly declared the real cause for complaint.

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Agnes hesitated; she could not affirm that she was ill, for her illness was that of the *heart*, and she felt it to be wrong to feign *bodily* pain.

"If Mrs. Melbourne is sick, Melbourne," said Lascelles, "pray do not leave her by any means, for you know, my dear fellow, I am a man of leisure, and it makes no difference to me whether I go to-day or a fortnight hence. Just suit yourself. I am under your control entirely."

"I am not so much indisposed as to prevent your journey, dear William," said Agnes hastily, painting in an instant to her imagination, the wearying picture of another siege of wretchedness and anxiety, if he continued their guest, and also thinking a week would soon pass away, and then her husband would return, and be all her own again. "I could not think of disappointing you, if you desire to go."

Melbourne quickly availed himself of this permission, and prepared to depart. "Do not stay long," was the whisper of Agnes, as he gave his farewell kiss, "and beware of cards!"

"Certainly; I shall positively be back on Wednesday at farthest." And he jumped into the *barouche* carelessly, without a pang at leaving, for the *first time*, alone, and miserable, that being whom thirteen *short months* before he had vowed to "love, honor, and cherish, in sickness and in health."

"And is he gone?" On sudden solitude,
How oft this fearful question will intrude!
"Twas but an instant past, and here he stood!
And now"—Her lip refused to send "farewell!"

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For in that word, that fatal word, howe'er
We promise, hope, believe, there breathes despair;
She turned with sick'ning soul within the gate,
"It is *no dream*—and I am desolate."—*Corsair*.

No sound but the echo of her own footsteps, broke the silence of the cheerless parlor. Even his favorite dog, which might have been a companion for Agnes, Melbourne had taken with him. His flute was there, but its voice was mute. His picture hung over the chimney, but it could not smile upon her, nor answer her questions. Surely there is no solitude like the solitude of the heart!

Wednesday came, but it left Agnes as it found her, anxious and wretched. Another came and went; still no husband's love revived her sinking spirits. No husband's tone of kindness broke the melancholy stillness of her home. No husband's hand pressed her feverish and aching brow.

On the third Wednesday, at midnight, a loud rapping at the outer gate of Lascelles' mansion, aroused a party of revellers from their unhallowed employment. Several gentlemen were seated around a table, upon which piles of silver stood at each corner, and cards were strewn about; the exulting looks of one, the eager glance of another, the low muttered oath of a third, told how absorbing their occupation was, and revealed the loser or successful better. Wonder at interruption at *such* an hour, was changed to alarm, when Melbourne received a summons to his wife, whose life was despaired of.

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Remorse and shame filled his thoughts, as he drove rapidly home. Morning dawned before he arrived; he dreaded to approach lest he should hear that he had lost all that he loved on earth. Strange as it may seem, he did love her most devotedly, and his awful propensity had not so changed his heart, as to render him callous to her danger.

Bitter, indeed, were his reflections, as he pursued his way homewards. He had leisure then for reviewing his past conduct. Had he rewarded as it deserved, the faithful attachment of his gentle wife? Had he fulfilled the duties of that station in public life, which his talents and advantages demanded? Had he returned to the God who had so richly blessed him, the honor or gratitude he ought? Oh, no! no! was the answer of his conscience, and he felt self-condemned and miserable.

The physician met him at the door, "Is she alive?" was his agonized question.

"She is, but her life depends on perfect tranquility. If you would preserve it do not excite her by the least agitation. You may go into the chamber for she will not know you."

"Not know me!" exclaimed Melbourne, "not know me! is she as low as that?"

Dr. Hargrave kindly passed his arm through that of the distracted Melbourne, and led him into the parlor.

"Be composed, Mr. Melbourne; your wife may recover, but her attack is one which requires extreme care, and I fear"—

"Fear what?" interrupted Melbourne, gazing wildly upon him; "fear what?"

"If she recovers," said the physician gently, "that the future will be more dreadful to you than her death."

"What do you mean, Dr. Hargrave? What can you mean? For the love of pity tell me the worst."

"Insanity," said the Doctor, in a low, considerate voice.

"Spare me, oh God! spare me this misery," exclaimed Melbourne in agony. "Destroy my life, but spare her in mercy."

Dr. Hargrave endeavored to soothe him. "This may not be the case, Sir; it is only feared. At present her intellects appear under great excitement, and from her expressions I am led to think some sorrow weighs heavily upon her heart. She constantly talks of the desertion and coldness of one she loves, and longs for liberty to go forth and seek the object herself; now if you can discover who it is, and by humoring the notion, gradually erase it from her thoughts, much may be done; but opposition will be fatal."

"How long has she been sick?" asked Melbourne, ~~and why was~~ "I not sent for?"

"I only came yesterday; the housekeeper then informed me ~~she had~~ been indisposed and restless for several days, but would not consent to send for you, nor for me. I saw her danger immediately, and ordered the servant to go for you. You must not be too much alarmed at her looks; brain fever makes rapid ravages."

"God forgive me!" said Melbourne, as he laid his head upon the table before him, and wept.

Dr. Hargrave seeing him more composed, proposed going to ascertain whether the invalid could receive him, and in a short time returned to conduct him up stairs ; he cautioned him to be silent, or if she recognized him, to be very calm in his manner ; the least excitement might be of importance.

When Melbourne entered, the twilight gloom of the chamber oppressed him. It was several minutes before he was able to distinguish objects. The white curtains were drawn around the bed, and a dim lamp burned on the hearth. There was no sound in the room but the incoherent murmurings of the sufferer.

"The one I love is far away, and I have no heart to rest my weary head upon, now that the cold world has destroyed my peace. Hark ! hark ! it is his voice—he comes. Oh no ! I shall never hear his tone of affection again—never—never—all seems like the grave's stillness in my soul."

Melbourne sprang forward, and would have clasped her in his arms, had not the restraining hand of Dr. Hargrave been laid upon his shoulder. He paused, bending breathlessly forward to catch the faintest whisper.

"Why does he not come ? Oh this burning heat ! this weary brain ! Water—water. But it cannot cool the fever of the heart."

Melbourne sunk upon his knees beside the bed, and took her hand ; he dared not look upon her face.

"Once he stood by me when I suffered, and then I suffered less," moaned Agnes ; "and he held my hand

too; but now he is with those who cannot love him as I love him."

Melbourne sobbed aloud. "Who weeps?" said she; "let me go and comfort them. Ah! I know too well what it is to weep, and have no comforter; let me go," and she strove to rise. Melbourne could endure no more.

"Agnes," said he in a scarcely articulate tone, "Agnes,"—my wife!"

"Hush! hush!" said she, putting her finger on her lip, in the attitude of listening; "Was it a dream?" Did his voice name me? Let me go—my husband calls; let me go—blessed sound!" The Doctor whispered, "address her again, as she is calm."

"Agnes, my dearest wife, do you not know me?"

"Yes, your voice is like some pleasant dream. I knew you would come soon to shield me from those who have destroyed my happiness." As he bent over her, she pushed the hair from his forehead and gazed wildly at him, as if not certain of his identity. He could hardly suppress a groan as he beheld her still beautiful and convulsed features. What ravages a few day's illness had made! That tranquil eye now rolled in phrenzy; that delicate cheek now burned with fever.

"Why do you weep if you are my happy William? He did not look as troubled as you do. Oh no! how sweetly he used to sing with me, and read to me, and laughed merrily when I laughed, and kissed off my tears when I wept. You are not my William," and she put him aside with her emaciated arm. "Why did you come here to deceive me?"

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"Speak again," whispered Dr. Hargrave ; "it may be beneficial."

"I am your own William, my precious Agnes ; tell me you know me, if you love me as you once did."

"Hist !" said she again ; "hist ! he comes once more ; do not drive away my sweet dream ; speak to me Melbourne."

"I will never leave you, Agnes ; no one shall drive me off." He placed himself in a position where she could see him as he spoke, but she seemed to have no recollection of his countenance, but listened delightedly to his voice.

She soon fell back exhausted, and the physician fearing too much excitement, advised her husband to retire, and endeavor to obtain some rest before the crisis of the disease approached ; promising to call him when it did so. Perfectly overpowered by fatigue and grief, Melbourne complied, and slept some hours. About midnight the fearful struggle between life and death took place ; and Melbourne passed the silent hour in prayer. How affliction brings us to the long neglected throne of God ! His wife was restored to him—was it a blessing ? Happier for her had it been, if the home of the weary and heavy laden had then received her.

Days, weeks, months, did not re-establish her shattered health ; and Dr. Hargrave insisted on the necessity of her passing the remaining summer months amongst the mountains of Virginia, for the benefit of the waters. All the protestations of Agnes, that she knew she would derive no good *there*, (for she remembered all her misery in

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that land of idleness,) were of no avail. Her objections were over-ruled, and August found them again at the White Sulphur Springs.

During the whole period of her illness, a few messages from Lascelles alone sufficed to convince Melbourne that he was still recollected. But no visit of either sympathy or congratulation ever drew him from his gayer and of course more agreeable companions to Egerton Place.

Agnes hoped the severe lesson which Melbourne had received, would forever prevent a recurrence of those habits, which had been indulged at so great a cost. He was all again that he had been in earlier days. And hope, that blessed feeling which is the *first* to dawn upon, and the *last* to desert the human mind, in this world of sorrow and anxiety, painted a future of tranquility. But alas! before the season closed, Melbourne had plunged into the same excesses, and wrung the soul of his wife to torture. Had he remained at home, possibly he might have escaped the sin of once more abusing the gifts of his God; but the very *air of Virginia* seems impregnated with the spirit of temptation, at certain seasons, and it is dangerous to breath its atmosphere. Idle companions, unemployed time, too little self-restraint, too compliant a temper, led to his ruin. He went to greater lengths than the year previous, and loss upon loss followed. The next winter saw the sacrifice of his beautiful and comfortable place, and Agnes deprived of those *luxuries* which it had once been his happiness to afford her. Intemperance too often drowned his wretched feelings; and a few brief years, passed in excess by the once

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admired and respected Melbourne, ended his career, and released his wife from her more than Egyptian bondage. Love, that purest gift of the Eternal, had bled and died on the altar of despair! Agnes had felt as Young describes, that

"Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
The human heart can feel."

Her trials had driven her nearer and nearer to her God, and she was enabled, through his mercy, to "endure unto the end." The same sweet voice; the same mild tone; the same uncomplaining suffering, had marked their poverty that gilded the days of abundance and joy: and no persuasions of her incensed and disgusted relatives, could induce her to leave him. "If he is so degraded," she used to argue, "with my restraining hand near to check his course—and which has never entirely lost its influence, when I could remove him from evil companions—what would become of him if he felt abandoned by every virtuous mind? Oh no! let me grieve if I must; but there would be no grief like that of believing I had neglected my duty."

"But you cannot be attached to such a man?" asked her sister one day.

"No, Anna, I do not pretend to feel ~~as~~ I once did to my husband. Yet with all his faults he has never used harsh nor unkind language to me, when he has had his reason; and when he has been *without that*, he was no more than a child; and would you expect me to resent an infant's anger?"

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And she did endure ! But the blessing of her dying husband was a reward for all ; and the after life of Agnes Melbourne was tranquil, and a self-approving conscience rendered her happy.

“The best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.”

In the quiet habitation of her father, Lascelles never crossed her path ; and she rejoiced at it, for the too frequent mention of his name in the list of revelers, with whom Melbourne associated, had given her a still greater horror of him than the intercourse of their earlier acquaintance. He was so strongly identified with the *first* deviation from right in her husband, and the *first* step of vice which had planted itself in her own cherished home, that she could not bear the idea of seeing him. And yet she knew that Mordaunt Lascelles was only *one* of the *many* who seek companions in their errors, and a sanction for their unhallowed practices in the countenances of some less dissipated men ; only *one* of the *many* who assist in the awful guilt of wrecking the domestic peace of the virtuous and good.

In the pursuit of active and useful efforts to benefit and bless others, Agnes Melbourne lost her regrets for her own disappointments. And it was remarked that she was *oftenest* found in the abodes of those whose misery arose from the unkindness or neglect of their husbands, drawing from her own rich fount of consolation, a balm to soothe their woes.

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We will here drop a veil over our narrative. *Eternity* will bear witness to the record of *her* exalted character. It will also bear witness to the *guilt* of those who either by *allowing*, or *enticing*, or *encouraging* others to sin, have been instrumental in shutting out from Paradise, souls destined by their Creator for immortal blessedness. It will be an awful retribution! Happy *they* who are prepared to meet it.

"Look forward at what's *to come*, and back what's *past*;
What *loss* or *gain* may follow, *thou* may'st guess;
Thou *then* wilt be secure of the *success*."

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CONSUMPTION.

"Early—bright—transient—chaste as morning dew,
He sparkled—was exhaled—and went to Heaven."

THE pale, thin countenance of the bridegroom, as his sweet wife hung upon his arm, when they left the sanctuary in which they had been plighting their vows, sent a feeling of apprehension through the hearts of many there, and numerous were the predictions that *her* married life would shortly terminate.

"What ardently we *wish*, we soon believe ;"

And Emma Selwyn, though anxious, thought it was so natural to her husband to be delicate in appearance, that no real danger was near ; and too happy in the devoted attachment and exalted worth of her companion, to admit a gloomy idea to darken her dream of joy, slumbered in strange unconsciousness of her approaching fate,

The history of Eustace Selwyn was brief, but deeply interesting. Possessed of talents far beyond the common order, and with a fervent piety, which alike blesses ourselves and others, he seemed a fit character to adorn the ministry of the Redeemer. Though frail in health, and not well calculated on that account for its arduous labors, he dedicated himself, with a holy zeal, to the cause of religion, and was the faithful herald of the cross during his short sojourn amongst men. *Few* ever rivalled, *none*

ever surpassed him in attainments, intellectual endowments, perseverance, faithfulness. In the language of scripture, "When the ear heard him, it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it bore witness to him."

To the meekness and gentleness of a child, in private life, he added the enthusiasm and commanding energy of the hero, in his public career. While the members of his domestic circle basked in the sunshine of his quiet and endearing virtues, crowds of delighted listeners hung upon his thundering eloquence in the sanctuary, or were soothed by his tender and encouraging appeals, as he held to their lips the gospel's blessed cup of consolation. Rarely in this scene of sin, do we meet with a combination of so many admirable and endearing qualities in one child of mortality. One of the most beautiful traits in his character, was total freedom from vain glory and pride; though standing upon the highest pinnacle of the temple of fame, his child-like simplicity found its way to all hearts. Such was Eustace Selwyn, the uncompromising and consoling preacher of the word of life. Why is it that death cannot pass by untouched the valuable, the good, who beautify our fallen world? Revelation answers the question. "They rest from their labors." Yes, *they rest*, though *we* mourn with stricken hearts over the loss of so much holiness—so much usefulness—so much that made this "cold world appear less cold."

"The death of those distinguished by their station,
But by their *virtue* more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.

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Not that we grieve *for them*, but for *ourselves*,
Left to the toil of life."

Early setting himself apart for the hallowed work of "winning souls," Mr. Selwyn pursued his studies with ardor, and by his close application enfeebled that constitution which had been always frail. It was thought by many that he would be unable to undertake the fatiguing task of ministering in the sanctuary; but God in mercy spared him to exhibit a few brief rays of his native brightness, ere he was taken from serving him below, to grace his Paradise above. And blessed indeed were the eyes which saw his exemplary life, and the ears which heard his pious doctrines. It is sweet to think there is an existence beyond our mortal sight, where we again may hold communion with *such* spirits. May we so live as to be entitled to an intercourse with him there!

But we digress. Much was anticipated from the reputation of talent he possessed; and when he first ascended the pulpit, intense was the anxiety respecting him. These expectations were most fully realized, and never was his voice exerted to exhort an *indifferent* audience. Oh no! Sabbath after Sabbath, he preached to a crowd breathless from attention. Sabbath after Sabbath, his warnings or consolations were carried home, in the consciences and bosoms of those who needed them. And (blissful privilege!) many were the spirits who were brought in deep humility, by his influence, to the foot of the cross, and who blessed the hour that led him to their rescue. Oh, if there be a privilege on earth more to be

prized than all others, it is the *opportunity* and power of "converting the sinner from the error of his way," and leading him to the paths of holiness and peace. How exalted must be the happiness of the Christian minister, who faithfully guards and guides the flock committed to his charge, and hopes to stand before the seat of judgment beside his people, and pointing them out to the Redeemer's eye, exclaim with sacred joy, "I led them here!"

Eustace Selwyn soon sunk beneath his fatigue; his zeal wore out the tabernacle which enclosed his ardent soul, and his anxious congregation urged him to seek health and strength in another climate. For a few weeks he did so, and returned apparently renovated; but renewed exertions only brought renewed feebleness, and those who listened to his solemn tones, too well perceived they would soon be hushed in the silence of the tomb. They sought his instructions with more avidity, and yet with a chastened sadness, such as we feel when beholding some fair scene, which is soon to be removed from our sight forever.

It was at this period that a gentle being linked her fate with his; and when warned to beware of doing so, that he would ere long be snatched from her, she replied, "If this is the case, I shall feel a consolation in being permitted to smooth his journey to the grave."

After his marriage he seemed better; and sanguine friends believed he might be spared to them.

"You are less languid than you have lately been, Eustace," said his wife; "and yet you have spoken a great deal to-day."

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"Yes, I think I am getting well very fast now, and I can preach next month."

Emma shook her head; but the zealous invalid believed what he hoped.

The next month, and the next, and the next, found him still away from his pulpit. He had now to hearken to the exhortations of others, while he sat among his congregation. At length, unrestrained by prudence, he went forth to proclaim once more the gospel of salvation. Joy lighted the countenances of all who heard him, and his own eye beamed with thankful emotion. A few weeks of active duty, and his pallid brow, and sunken cheeks, and colorless lip, and low, deep cough, sent sorrow and dismay to every heart. Long was the struggle, before he permitted himself to believe he was too ill to serve at God's altar. Feeling his own failing strength, and being convinced that his day of public usefulness was over, he made one last effort to hold out the cup of mercy to the sinner, and sunk beneath the task. Consumption's horrid grasp fastened itself upon him, and he never again spoke to warn or to comfort. His humility and patient resignation, during many months of tedious suffering, taught silently what his precepts had declared were a Christian's obligations. It was a privilege to sit beside his couch of pain, and see his uncomplaining gentleness; to hear his regrets, mingled with submission, for his incapacity to benefit those over whose souls he had watched. Like his Heavenly Master, "having loved his own, he loved them unto the end;" and kind messages were sent, when he could no longer receive them, to those who daily

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crowded his door with anxious and affectionate inquiries. His sufferings he declared to have been alleviated by their sympathy and devotedness; and he considered himself under an obligation to them for their *personal* attention, when they thought they could not do too much for one who had snatched some of them from the brink of ruin, and led them to a haven of safety; or to others had more fully drawn aside the veil that curtained the believer's hopes.

It is a joy beyond all others, to be linked in the bonds of affection with the holy and the chosen of God.

The lamp of life burned dimly, growing fainter and fainter day by day. It seemed to flash more brightly than usual one night, when his wife kept her vigil beside his pillow.

"I am far better to-night, Emma," said he, more distinctly than he had spoken of late, "and to-morrow you must leave me for a little exercise; you have been too much in this sick room. Will you promise me to go?"

"Certainly, if you are not worse than you are now," said Emma, not willing to contradict him, and cheered by his assurance.

The grey light of the next morning broke through the half closed shutters of that same chamber. Over a low couch bent the forms of two clergymen, composing, for its last slumber, the lifeless limbs and rigid features of the departed saint. A smile rested on the placid countenance, which whispered, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." But the convulsive sobs which fell upon the ear from the adjoining apartment, bespoke the

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agony of the survivors, who had not yet arisen from the first awful shock which follows the departure of a familiar friend to the world of spirits.

“Oh death! all eloquent, *you only* prove,
What *dust* we dote on when 'tis *man* we love!”

The servants of God silently pursued their task, and the holy consolations of the gospel, did not prevent the tears which flowed from their overwhelmed hearts; they knew *He* had wept when the tyrant's chains had encircled Lazarus; and *they wept* for themselves—for his country—for his church; not for the disembodied soul which *they* were warranted by scripture in believing had soared from a scene of suffering to one of joy unspeakable.

Before they left him to his dreamless sleep, they knelt beside his bier and unitedly poured forth to God their thanksgivings for having lent him *to earth* so long, and fervent supplications for aid to *live* like him, that *like him* they might be privileged *to die*.

Deep was the anguish of his bereaved flock, as they gazed upon his features, so beautiful in death; and long will they cherish the memorial of his exalted excellence—spotless in life—holy in death. Who, that *once knew*, could ever forget him? None! Oh no! The memory of a good man is embalmed in the hearts of all who come within his influence; and when his earthly tabernacle has mouldered to its original dust, his precepts, his example, still live in their recollection, and

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spe⁺ak in a voice even more touching than that which once addressed them, "Prepare to meet your God."

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven;
Fly ye profane; if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing and adore the chance,
That threw in *this Bethesda, your disease*
If unrestored by *this*, despair of cure—
You see the *man*, you see his hold on Heaven,
If sound his virtue.
Heaven waits not the *last* moment; owns her friends
On *this* side death, and points them out to men—
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign power,
To *vice* confusion; and to virtue peace."—*Young*.

Resignation marked the grief of Emma Selwyn. Her bright sun of joy had soon sunk into the shadows of night; but a glorious beam rested on her sorrows. *Faith* gilded the darkness of the tomb, and by it she held communion sweet with the spirit of him she had loved on earth; trusting, through the mercy of her Savior, to *so* live, that she might be admitted to the same place of blessedness whither he had gone. Thus—

"There comes *something* ever between us
And what we deem our happiness."

A few brief years of bliss, followed by the loss of what she had prized as perfect felicity, convinced Emma Selwyn that nothing on *earth* could sustain the shocks of time; and that it is our duty, as well as the dictate of wisdom, to fix our affections on those things which are as unchangeable as they are satisfactory and glorious.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

"Had we *never met, or never parted,*
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—*Burns.*

LIGHT were the footsteps of Winfred Gordon, as he pursued his way home from the mansion of Mrs. De Courcy, one beautiful night in June, when the sultry day had been succeeded by a calm and refreshing evening. Not brighter were the moonbeams that played over his pathway, than was the hope of future joy in his bosom. He had just heard from the lips of one he loved, the blushing confession of her reciprocating the deep regard he entertained for her, and had received the sanction of her mother to their engagement. When the heart is overflowing with happiness, it often needs retirement and reflection to regulate its emotions, and Catherine De Courcy dismissed her lover early, that she might collect her scattered thoughts, after an hour of excitement.

Too happy to seek repose, Winfred wandered by the sea-shore, reflecting amid the soft murmuring of the waves, on the events of the last few days. Anxiety and uncertainty had marked his feelings; but they were now banished, in the assurance of possessing all he had so ardently wished. He was soon on the familiar footing of a privileged friend at the house. Many a morning (not the usual time for a lover's visit,) found him seated

beside the lively Catherine, talking to amuse, or reading to interest her, as she plied her busy needle.

The families exchanged calls, and *certainly* seemed to rest upon the prospects of the betrothed.

"You are going to leave me, Catherine," said Gordon one evening, as her mother left the room, where she had been seated, planning a summer's excursion for her daughters. "You are going to leave me; but although I cannot accompany you the whole way, I shall be of your party a few days. When we separate, I will return to spend a melancholy summer. You must write to cheer me; you will not forget one whose joy it will be to cherish your image."

"Never, Winfred," said the sad Catherine, placing her hand in his; "Never, while memory lasts. It grieves me to exchange your society for that of the indifferent and careless. I wish mamma would permit me to remain with her. I know I should be happier. I feel a foreboding about this separation, which I cannot conquer."

"This is wrong, Catherine; it is best for you to go. Your cheek is pale, and I promised your mother to use all my influence in persuading you to consent. Do you not admire my self-denial?"

He spoke cheerfully, for Catherine wept. While her attachment flattered his feelings, he dared not permit himself to think of consulting either his pleasure or her's; for he saw her health was too delicate to endure the depressing effects of a southern climate, during the heat of summer.

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Many months had passed since the commencement of their engagement, and Winfred hoped, on her return home, those ties would have been rivetted too closely to be in danger of future partings. Quickly flew the weeks that preceded her departure. With the mother's sanction, he accompanied her half way to her destination. Business recalled him to the city, or he would have continued the journey, so delightful was the privilege of viewing with her the loveliness of nature, which so abundantly meets the eye in every part of our fertile country.

"You will think of me often, Winfred," was the tearful whisper of his betrothed, as he pressed her hand at parting.

"Hourly, dearest," was his assurance. "I shall have no satisfaction in any other employment, except in writing to you, and reading your letters. Pray for me, Catherine, for you are better than I am, and your supplications will be heard."

"I will; but you must pray for yourself too, and go to the sanctuary we have loved to enter together; there, Winfred, you *will* think of your Catherine."

A constant interchange of affectionate letters, lessened the pain of absence. At length the tedious season was over, and the joyful tidings were forwarded, that they soon should meet again. Tenderness breathed in every line of the beautiful epistle of Catherine, and a modest delight at the idea of a speedy re-union with him who had been the constant object of her thoughts. It need not be affirmed, that his satisfaction at least

equalled her's. Impatience rendered every day of double length to the anxious Winfred, and he wearied himself with imagining her improved looks, and increased affection.

"My mother forbids our further engagement, and I must obey her," was the startling opening of the next letter, as he broke its seal! It dropped from his hand; when he recovered the shock, he overlooked it again. In vain were the hateful words reviewed, and re-reviewed; they still read the same. But a gleam of consolation broke in upon the dismal truth, as he saw the concluding sentence.

"You cannot possibly suffer more than I do. I am miserable. Oh, forgive, and endeavor to forget your broken-hearted Catherine."

"She shall be mine," was the resolution of Winfred, as he recovered from his agitation. "She shall be mine, if she loves me."

That he loved her, might have been ascertained by a glance at his sunken eye and pallid brow. The ravages made by months of disease, appeared in the form and countenance of Gordon.

Letter after letter was despatched and answered, all bearing testimony to the unchanged attachment of the lovers. Catherine was stedfast in her determination not to disobey her mother, and finally forbid the correspondence and all vows between them. In vain Winfred remonstrated; she was firm. Time dragged heavily along with both. Catherine's cheek became paler day by day, and she lost all interest in the pursuits or amusements

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which had once afforded pleasure. Her piano was untouched—her guitar remained unstrung—her merry laugh no longer rang upon the ear of those who had loved to hear its music. In vain was she forced from one scene of gaiety to another. Nothing aroused—nothing pleased: but her heartless mother gazed on her agony unmoved. Oh, if she had once tasted the luxury of having promoted the happiness of a fellow-creature, she would have gladly availed herself of the blessed privilege.

His voice never breathed to *her* again, a tone of kindness nor of indifference. When they met, they met as strangers; and the hearts of both bled in secret.

“ Oh! is there not
A time, a righteous time, reserved in fate,
When oppressors shall be made to feel
The miseries they give?”

It was after the lapse of several months of estrangement like this, that Catherine De Courcy and Winfred Gordon, each in pursuit of health, accidentally became the inmates of the same hotel at a fashionable watering place. The trial was great to both. Still, notwithstanding the daily meetings of the lovers, no sign of recognition passed between them. I have marked her anguished gaze fixed upon him, when she thought herself unobserved, as he moved amid a gay circle in the crowded saloon. I have watched the effort to smile, when some acquaintance endeavored to amuse her, and seen the struggling sigh swell her heart, and unclothe her pale lip.

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I have seen her colorless cheek flush for an instant, and then become whiter than marble, when some long familiar tone has reached her ear, as he spoke to another, (though his thoughts were hovering around the idol of his early worship, who only seemed to be forgotten,) and I have thought how chequered are the fairest scenes of life! How swiftly happiness is followed by disappointment's bitter cup! These exquisite lines recently set to melancholy and appropriate music, appeared well adapted to her feelings.

“ Tell him I love him yet
As in that joyous time;
Tell him I'll ne'er forget,
Tho' mem'ry now be crime.

Tell him as fades the light
Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night—
He must not dream of me !

Tell him that day by day
Life looks to me more dim ;
I falter when I pray,
Although I pray for him !”

“ He no longer loves me,” was her thought, as she gained the solitude of her own chamber, on the first evening of his arrival; and she wept in agony.

“ She loves me still,” was Winfred's reflection as he sought his pillow, and recalled the paleness of her cheek, as her eye met his. “ It is a stern necessity which bids me, even in appearance, slight her ~~affection~~ ^{affection}.”

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

Both of them passed that night in sorrow ; but their destiny seemed sealed ; the future was to be wholly unconnected with each other.

Men, from their constitutional temperament, bear these things better than women. Byron has told us why.

“ Man's love is of man's life, *a thing—a part* ;
’Tis woman's *whole existence* ;
Alas, the love of woman ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
For all of their's upon that die is thrown,
And if ’tis lost, life has no more to bring !”

Yet Winfred Gordon suffered too ; his health as well as his peace fell a sacrifice to his anguish of mind, and years rolled away in the same dull round of regrets and grief ; but active employment lessened *his* sorrow : *she* brooded over her's.

Time made no apparent change in their destiny. Religion had been dear to the soul of Catherine, in those bright hours when her sky was clear and unclouded, and we trust that the darkness of her present melancholy feelings, is gilded by the rays which a holy hope casts over them. At all events, the sudden and distressing vicissitude they had experienced, taught them both the utter insecurity of temporal ties, and led them to fix a distrustful eye upon the fairest schemes of earthly expectation.

“ Thus doth the everchanging course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever-turning ;
Is there constancy in earthly things ?

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No happiness but what must alter ?
Even when full content *seems* to sit by us,
What daily sorrows !”

Happy will it be, if they both strive to attain a holiness of heart, which will entitle them to a re-union in the *same* heavenly home, when time shall cease forever ; where they may bask in the smile of a benevolent God, who loves to bless the creatures he has made, and unlike frail mortals here, wields his high scepter, not in *power* alone, but in *power* softened by *mercy's* cheering beam.

And ere existence closes, they will learn the wisdom of His ways, who does all things well, and will find he is

“ Good when he *gives*, supremely good,
Nor *less* when he *denies* ;

That

Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.”

Therefore,

Though dark the *present*, pronounce
It not *too dark* ; remember day's broad light
Succeeds night's *dullest, gloomiest hour* !—Storms
May overcloud our *noon*, yet *eve* may close
In calmness—peace—and joy !

FAILURE.

“ If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now.

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would show that only *when concealed*,
His lot appears the best.”

MERRILY sounded the music, and brilliantly shone the lights from the festive hall, when joyous eyes and laughing lips passed beneath the garlands that hung from the ceiling of a large ball-room, as the graceful dance engaged the attention of the crowd of guests. “ Joy, joy to the bride ;” echoed through the air, and told that in this scene of mirth, young hearts had plighted their vows, and that many a gay vision of future happiness crossed the imagination, and dictated the good wishes of the friends around.

No eye beamed more brightly—no lips smiled more joyously, ~~than~~ did those of the bride herself. Crowned with its orange wreath, her brow was calm and peaceful. Was not ~~he~~, the chosen of heart, beside her ? Was he not all her own ? Was he not all that maiden hopes to find a lover ? Yes ; not a shadow rested on the sunshine

FAILURE.

of the picture. And congratulating relations thronged to offer blessings on her destiny.

"How well Ella Percy **has** done for herself," was the remark of an elderly lady, **as** she drove from the door of Percy's new and elegantly furnished house, a few days after the wedding, where she **had** called to pay her respects.

"Well, indeed!" replied her companion, "Well, indeed! We seldom see such matches now-a-days. So rich—so amiable—so handsome—above all, so perfectly devoted to her. She has drawn one of the few prizes that float about the matrimonial lottery."

And so thought Ella Percy; every comfort that wealth could purchase, was lavished on the idolized wife; and her early married life was bright indeed.

"What an excellent business Henry Percy is doing," remarked one mercantile friend to another.

"A *large* business is not always an excellent one, has long been my idea," replied the other. "It seems to me that Henry Percy goes on too rapidly for safety; but I may be mistaken."

"I do not agree with you," answered the first speaker; "he appears to add a great deal of prudence to his enterprise, and I hope he may do well. He has a sweet wife, and it would be a pity if any thing occurred to occasion her uneasiness."

These observations were made a year or two after their union. Never was there a pleasanter house, nor more cheerful fireside, nor warmer hospitality, than in the mansion, of Henry Percy. Profusion, even to extrava-

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gance, marked every thing, and time flew quickly to the friends who visited them.

"You look anxious," was the inquiring address to her husband, of Ella Percy, as he entered one evening from his business.

"Do I?" evasively said Henry, putting his hand to his brow; "nothing but a little headache; we have been busy to-day." Ella exerted herself to cheer his spirits, and begged he would not allow himself to be too much absorbed by care about temporal concerns.

Again and again she noticed the same clouded gaze and air of perplexity, on his return from his counting-room; again and again was some reason given for it, which lulled suspicion. It was her part to drive away uncomfortable feelings, and she either read or sung him into calmness.

Months rolled on, and such looks became habitual; and when she would press her husband to reveal his anxieties, he invariably strove to divert her attention, and avoid the subject. This reserve arose from no want of confidence in him, but from the dread of inflicting a pang upon the woman he adored, by allowing her for a moment to suppose there ought to be a change in their mode of living, since fortune, that fickle goddess, did not smile upon him as she had done. Alas! had religion's elevating principles regulated his heart, he would have felt, that what God sees fit to order for us, however adverse to our own wishes, is always to be received with humble submission; and his wife would have been permitted to share, and thereby lessen his sorrow. But he

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feared to encounter her grief, for he knew within *her* breast no pious consolation dwelt; therefore, with a mistaken idea of tenderness, he withheld that information which was the dictate alike of prudence and affection.

Women are proverbial for their fortitude, and a man little understands the character of his wife, if she be possessed of any degree of firmness, when he conceals from her knowledge the uneasiness he may endure, with a design of sparing her suffering. An attached wife knows no anguish like that of seeing her husband afflicted, and yet being debarred from the privilege of offering the cup of sympathy and consolation. And often her cool and unbiassed judgment, points his distracted mind to sources of relief and advantage, which he would never have observed. And many a husband has had cause to bless the mild influence of his wife, in moderating or directing his excited feelings. It is mistaken kindness which induces the surgeon to forbear using the lancet to a diseased limb, lest it occasion too much pain, when eventually we must, by neglect or delay, amputate the member. Alas for poor Ella! the blow that crushed her hopes was doubly severe from its being wholly unexpected.

“And why did you not earlier confide in me, dear Henry?” asked she, after he had abruptly told her one night that he was utterly ruined. “Who could have felt so much for you? Who would so soon have endeavored to avert it? Dearest Henry, how many thousand dollars have I squandered in baubles and luxuries, which only for a moment pleased, that I would have saved to lessen

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your embarrassment? Oh, if you had told me all in time!"

"I could not bear to afflict you, my Ella; I strove to defer as long as possible the dreaded disclosure. I could not be happy if I saw you suffer."

"Believe me, Henry, I have endured more by not being able to alleviate your distress, than this information has cost me—far, far more. It has caused me many a tear to imagine you loved me less, because you confided less."

"Forgive me, my wife—love you less?—oh Heaven! My greatest torture is in the thought of seeing you deprived of your comfortable home."

"Do not think of that for an instant," replied the tranquil Ella. "My father's house will receive us, and we shall be contented there, dearest," said she, pressing her lip to his disturbed brow; "we will be still left to each other; and after all, *true happiness* is to be sought in *ourselves*, not in those useless and luxurious things around us. To-morrow we will commence our retrenchments, and be soon established elsewhere."

"Oh no, Ella! not to-morrow; I cannot yet be satisfied to proclaim to the world our disgrace. Let us defer this mortification."

"No, Henry; delay will but increase the evil. What to us is the opinion of the world? Misfortune, not dishonor, has occasioned our reverse; call it not therefore disgrace; no man was ever degraded by a prompt adoption of what he knows to be right. The only disgrace he can feel, is in supporting a style which he cannot afford, by living on the just property of others. Remember this

my husband, and arouse your energy to meet the trial calmly."

"Well, Ella, I will follow your wise advice. To-morrow ~~then~~ we must proceed to exertion, and I will endeavor ~~or~~ to imitate your fortitude. Oh, that I had long ago availed myself of your counsel!"

The acquaintances of Ella Percy still looked upon her situation as one to be envied, while harassing care cast its deep shadows over her path-way! Thus the world judges! Were the veil drawn aside which hangs before the scenes of domestic life, "how many would our *pity* share, who raise our *envy* now?"

A few weeks saw them the inmates of Ella Percy's home of childhood. Her parents cheerfully received them, and endeavored by kindness and affection to make them forget they were dependent. Her father had suffered by the failure of Percy. Commercial speculations always draw into the vortex of their ruin, many who little dream, in an hour of generosity, that they are to be made partakers in the misery of others.

Still they had "enough and to spare;" but Henry brooded over his losses with a gloomy sadness, which the tranquil resignation of his wife could not conquer. And month after month found him obliterating the sense of his misfortunes in the intoxicating bowl.

Who can describe the wretchedness of Ella? She bore it with her *native* fortitude. We fear *religion* had not *then* imparted it! During several years of forbearance she lived with her degraded husband. At length, unmindful of her agony, insensible to her gentleness, and

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in spite of his still remaining love for her, he indulged himself in such excesses, as to compel her to separate from him. He was excluded from her father's dwelling, and after wandering to other lands, returned to his once joyous home, an outcast from society and peace.

Dreadful reverse ! No soothing hand was laid upon his throbbing brow, to alleviate its feverish excitement. No tone of comfort fell upon his ear, when he retained his senses sufficiently to realize his condition, and he rushed from the maddening recollection of what he *was*, and what he *might have been*, to lose thought in deeper degradation, until he sunk so low as hardly to be recognized as the once handsome, agreeable, wealthy member of a polished society ! Oh ! can any reflecting mind dwell upon such a picture of misery and horror, and fail to raise a supplication to the Keeper of all hearts, for his grace to save from despair like this ? or fail to desire the mild influence of religion to regulate and guide his every feeling and emotion."

Oh Religion ! strength to the weak ; comfort
To the wretched ; lamp of Eternal Truth,
By whose blest beams we *learn to see* and *shun*
The paths of error and destruction. Blind,
Fatally blind, must he be who closes
His eye upon thy blessedness, and dares
To taste the intoxicating but sweet
Cup of joy, or the bitter draught of wo,
Without thy modulating hand to check
Full satisfaction in the one, or all
Of deep despair that oft crowns the other.

The report of Henry Percy's death, sudden and awful, in one of those haunts of dissipation devoted to intemperance, which crowd our populous cities, was brought to his wife by two gentlemen who had formerly been his associates. She received it unmoved, at least to outward view. All love, all respect, had long since left her heart. But a wife must feel, whatever be her circumstances; and where the misjudging eye of the world detects nothing but cold indifference, there may be the acutest suffering.

A desire to conceal from the prying gaze of curiosity, that she had a heart which *could feel* for so degraded a being, perhaps led to an air of harshness; while grief and regret for *such* a termination of her early hopes and expectations, alone filled her thoughts. "Judge not, lest ye *be judged*!" should, in every case, present itself before the vision of those who undertake to sit in judgment upon the *feelings*, as well as the *actions* of their fellow creatures. And where *truth* compels us to see things *as they are*, let us hide beneath the mantle of God-like charity, such deformities as disfigure the beautiful picture of a perfect character.

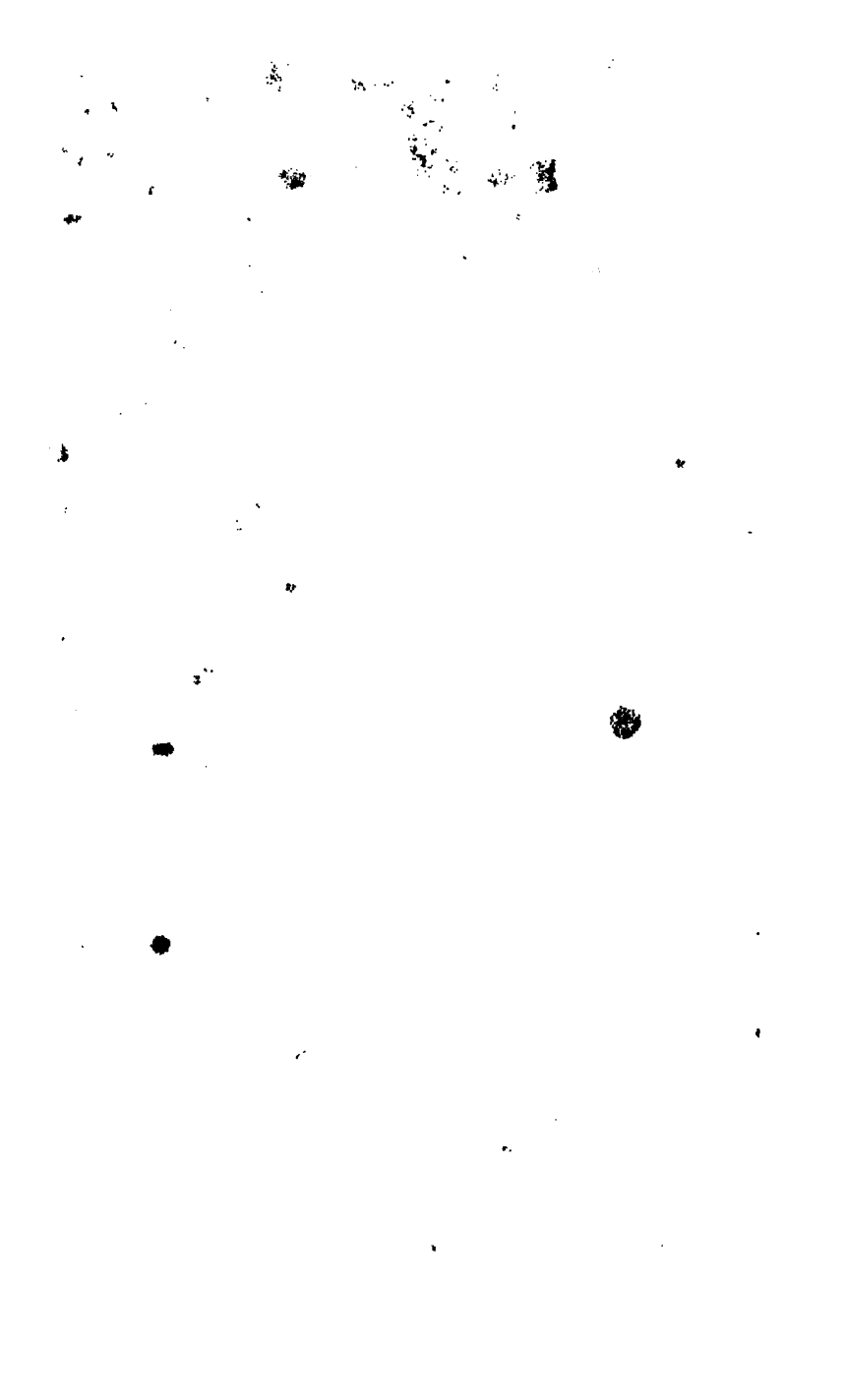
To the indiscriminating multitude, Ella Percy seemed totally unaffected by the event which had closed her dream of life. Yet there were those who, after a few months, beheld her pale cheek and delicate frame, that attributed her failing health to a secret and wasting sorrow, which the more intensely afflicted from the want of that sympathy which so greatly lessens grief. Where *all* condemned him, and *few* pitied, she cared not to reveal the melancholy they would have blamed; and she

pined in untold anguish over broken ties and crushed affections.

Religion's heavenly voice had been permitted to whisper its heavenly consolations, and she was not altogether miserable, though she mourned when she recollected that the kingdom of future glory would never be sullied by the presence of such a character as that of the being she once loved; and that, therefore, their separation was to be eternal!

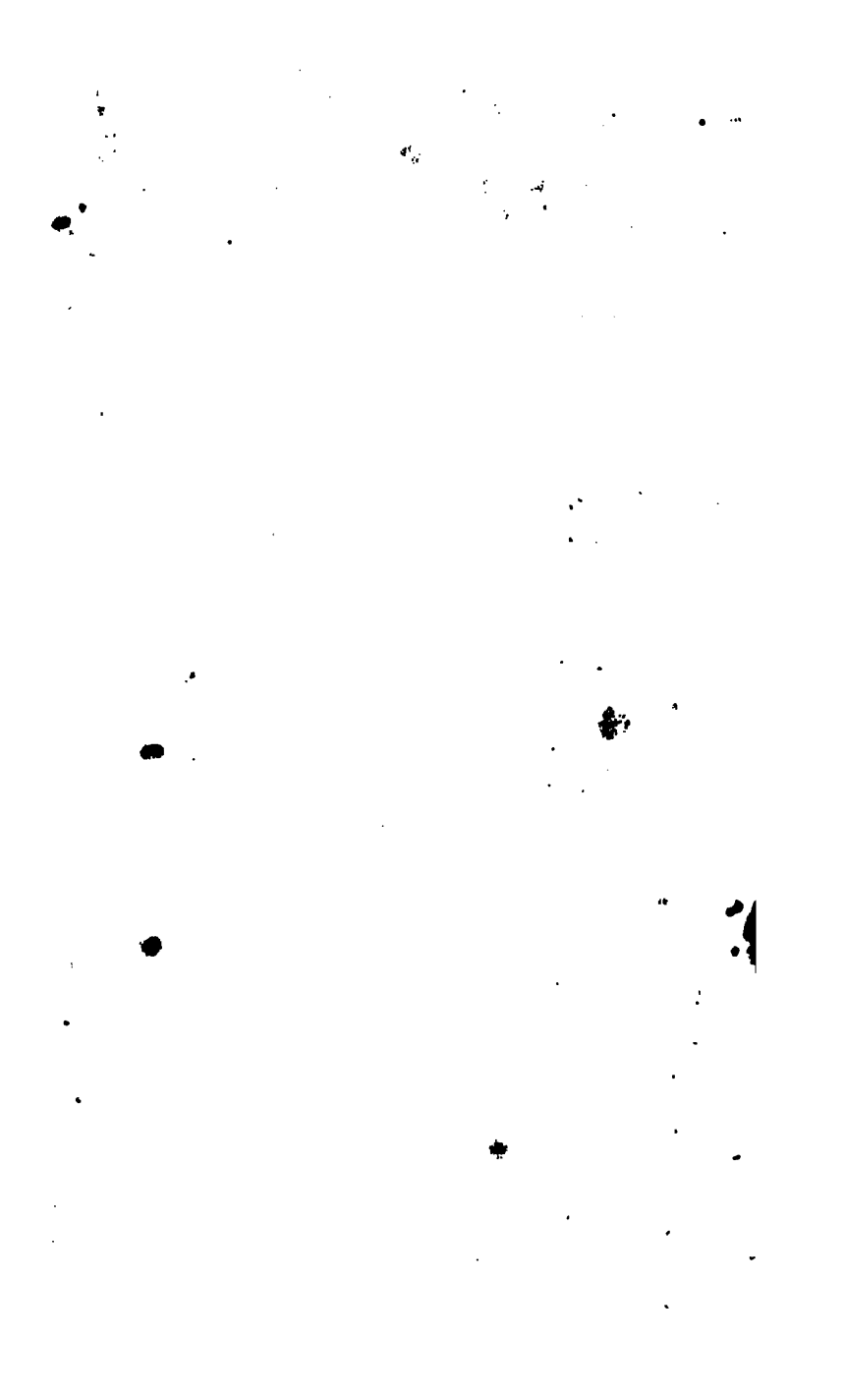
Thus ended "this excellent match"—this prize in the matrimonial lottery!

Ye who read this record, pause and think! and may your fate be less dreadful—your expectations better fulfilled! Be your consolations the consolations of the gospel, when you find the props, upon which you have permitted yourselves to lean for happiness, fall and leave you desolate and alone.



REALITIES OF LIFE.

PART SECOND.



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PART SECOND.

TEMPER AND MADNESS.

Happiness, fair exotic! transplanted
From *above*, never born beneath the sky ;
In vain for thee we seek in scenes of mirth
Or greatness. These please the fancy or amuse,
But may not bless the heart. *Thy source* is Heav'n—
Thine *earthly* home, where mind meets mind in thoughts
Congenial, and in the deep feelings
Of two souls made *one* in sweet sympathy,
By God who form'd them.

In this vale of tears,
Where may we in our sorrows a shelter
Find, so safe as in *Home's* sanctuary ?
The *world* deceives—riches take wings and flee
Away—and pleasure like a bubble bursts—
And fame's proud wreath withers, and fades, and falls—
And crowds fatigue ; but when the spirit needs
Refreshment, we turn to *home* (nor should turn
In *vain*,) for comfort and repose.

“Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath :
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife ;
Unmanly murder and unthrifty scath ;
And fretting grief, the enemy of life ;
All these, and many more, haunt ire.”—*Spencer*.

“There's not in nature,
A thing that makes a man so deform'd
As doth intemperate anger.”—*Webster*.

“I do not think Meta Hervey looks as happy as she did when first I knew her,” said Amelia Stanhope to her mother, after they returned from a visit to that lady. “Did you notice how much livelier she was before her husband came in?”

"I noticed it," answered her mother, "but I cannot wonder that any wife should look grave on the approach of so gloomy a face as he always wears. I do not wish to condemn or judge harshly, but I am much mistaken if he is not a pettish, discontented man; and such things are a great trial to a wife."

"Yet, mother, when she was married it was thought a fine match; and gossips said the single ladies were all "pulling caps" for Mr. Hervey. What a strange world we live in! *To-day* we are rejoicing at escaping from what *yesterday* we were using every effort to obtain. Well, well, who can tell what to desire in this imperfect state of knowledge?"

"We should learn lessons of wisdom, Amelia, from the apparently trifling occurrences which are taking place around us daily; and we would soon discover how much better God decides for us, than we could possibly do for ourselves;

"Our wishes, answered, often lead
To misery."

It is presumptuous, therefore, to desire too ardently any thing, or to regret too keenly our disappointments."

"For my part, mother, when I marry, I hope it will not be one of these extraordinary folks, who has "no faults—is quite amiable—and in a fine business." I would rather take my chance with one reputed to have a little of "the old Adam" in him. After all, they turn out better than these pieces of perfection. Don't you think so?"

"Sometimes; but it is a risk to link our happiness with any person, unless we are sure of its remaining se-

cure through the bonds of a pure and holy faith. It may do to jest about matrimonial requisites, but matrimonial misery is no jest."

"I know that, mother, or at least, I have heard of it; there is none in our blessed home. I mean to have just such an one, and all the domestic virtues shall be in full display. I am determined to be a light-hearted, joyous bride; and a contented, smiling matron; and conclude with a calm and healthful old age; determined to be the pattern of patterns for wedded life."

"Take care—take care, Amelia. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." The fairest *morning* has been succeeded by an overshadowed *noon*, and a stormy *evening* has ended the day. Beware, my child—you speak gaily, because the evil hour may be far distant; a girl of sixteen paints life in glowing colors; but in the autumn of her existence, she finds the leaves of hope fall around her path withered and seared by the rude touch of a cold and blighting world."

"You speak seriously, mother."

"It is true, notwithstanding, Amelia. I fear the time will come, when you may realize its being so. I have made many observations on persons and things around me, and the experience of years has convinced me that few matches, comparatively speaking, ever prove perfectly happy; nay, I will go further and say, few which do not turn out positively miserable, although the world knows nothing of them. Accident, temper, misfortune, faults, dissipation, intemperance, or some other cause, destroys the expectation of domestic peace; and the connexion is dissolved by death or separation, in wretchedness, which

was formed amid the congratulation of friends, and anticipations of bliss. These terminations are not always the result of unworthiness, and cannot be avoided by human foresight. Disease and the grave end the hopes of many ; and those who love most devotedly and sincerely, have been early severed by the scythe of the destroyer. Nothing but piety can sustain the shock of time, or the ravages of change. Let your choice, my daughter, be from among those who have placed *their* hearts upon this rock ; and then the affections he bestows on you will be as lasting as they are pure."

The conversation was interrupted, and the gay girl thought no more of her determinations. We shall see how they were fulfilled.

" Meta Hervey's lip wore fewer and fewer smiles, and her husband's brow was less and less unclouded. What could be the reason ? No one was able to tell ; yet business prospered—he was considered most advantageously situated—lived in a comfortable house, and was surrounded by friends. Alas ! temper—uncontrollable temper on his part—a peevish discontent, which found no satisfaction in any thing that was done for him, rendered his home wretched. And Meta did not set that guard over her tongue and feelings, which might have been effectual in moderating his petulance ; but too often indulged in recrimination and reproach, or sunk into a sullen gloom which repelled him. On his return from the day's employment, instead of meeting him cheerfully and with affection, she would be brooding over some past offense, and he found his fireside desolate ; and after wandering

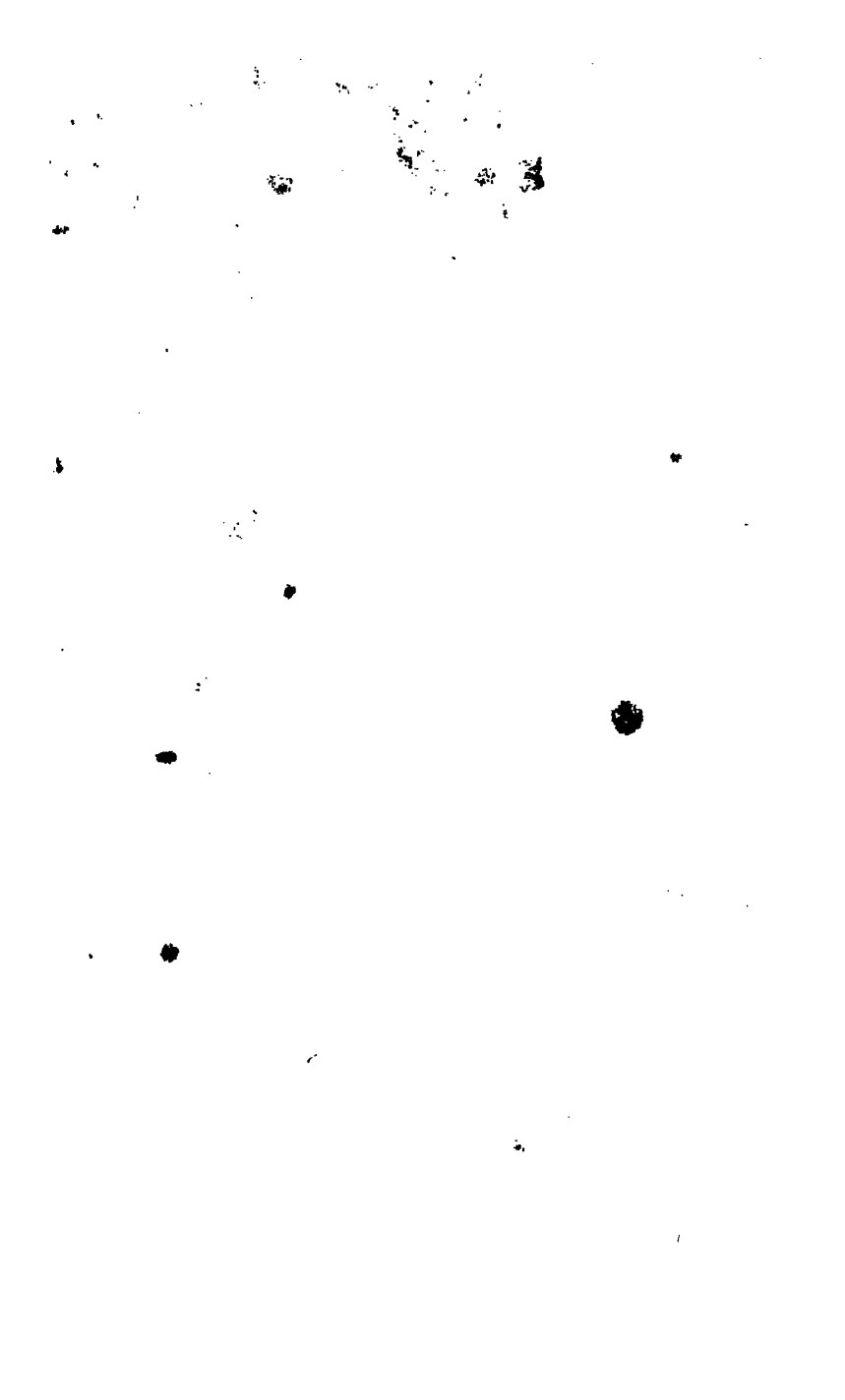
through the rooms, perhaps would discover her sitting in displeasure or indifference in a remote apartment, and apparently rather disgusted at, than glad of his presence. Sometimes he coaxed her into good humor, but most frequently their meetings ended in quarrels and unkindness.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love—
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied.
A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken.
Oh love! that *tempests* never shook,
A *breath* a *touch* like this hath shaken;
And ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin."

Too true is the poet's description. Daily observation will show its reality. How often love bleeds on the altar of ungoverned rage! One might deem a stern duty compelled the hateful scenes which deface the domestic hearth, so faithfully are they pursued day by day, with energy and perseverance.

"This pie wants a little more spice, Meta, and then it would be very nice," remarked Mr. Hervey at dinner one day that he came home calmer than usual, and really seemed to enjoy his meal.

"It appears impossible to please you, Mr. Hervey, do what I will. I concluded there would be something to find fault with, although I took particular pains to make that pie, because you relished the last; there is no satisfaction in serving you;" and she pouted terribly.



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destruction of all his hopes. Pause, ye who read this awful though brief history of a rapid fall from rectitude to crime, and if you have never prayed before, pray *now* that God may place a check upon your heart in time, that it may reflect in eternity the beautiful image of the Prince of Peace. And may this simple record teach a lesson of *forbearance*. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." A wise man will "think *twice* ere he speaks *once*." A *second* thought generally shames us out of the *first* emotion of displeasure. How *very wise* is *he* who heeds the *second* reflection.

"How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it. Whilst the tortur'd frame,
Like a ship dashed by fierce encount'ring tides
And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and ~~wave~~."

"Oh, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!"

In hurrying over the termination of Meta Hervey's fate, we seem to have lost sight of our lively friend, Amelia Stanhope. In the many years we have traveled over so hastily, she has selected from her numerous suitors, one who was unexceptionable in the opinion of her parents, herself, and society; nor did she hesitate to link her *destinies* to his, because she could not detect in him "a *spice* of the old Adam," which she once thought requisite to render happiness probable. She indeed realized her picture of "a light-hearted bride;" and wore "the

contented smiles of a matron." Let us inquire if her "old age" was, as she designed, "calm and healthful."

Her eye is dim with tears, and her deep mourning dress bespeaks some recent and severe sorrow. Follow her as she leans on her husband's arm, while walking to the village churchyard. See her bend, with clasped hands, over three little hillocks, upon which there was not yet a blade of grass springing; and read upon the marble headstones, that Edgar, Charles, Adeline Carlton lie there; consigned to their last home ere one week had commenced and ended.

Do you wonder at her shriek of agony? Do you understand a mother's grief? The shafts of death strike deeply when they pierce a parent's heart.

Amelia was childless! but her husband was left her, and life would not be altogether cheerless. Before her stricken soul had recovered the shock of her children's sudden departure to the world of spirits—while she still needed the sustaining affection of her husband, he was attacked by a hereditary malady, and was the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Oh, if there be an affliction worse than death, it is to know that one we have loved, and with whose mind it has been our delight "to take sweet counsel," is bereft of the power of holding communion with us, and whose intellects are veiled in an awful darkness.

Her domestic happiness thus destroyed, poor Amelia sunk beneath the fiery ordeal, and a long fit of extreme illness left her an old age of infirmities and care. She had fulfilled her determination of being calm, for in her

misery she had turned to *One* upon whose unseen arm she rested in her most desolate moments—to *One* who has never yet denied to the sufferer the aid of his supporting grace—to *One* who is the same “yesterday, to-day, and forever—and she felt privileged to hope, through the assurances of the gospel, that she would be permitted again to meet her sinless cherubs in the kingdom of eternal repose ; and to be again united to *him* whose unexceptionable conduct in every relation of life, she trusted would ensure to him the mercy of his God, and entitle him to a place in the New Jerusalem. Her earthly hopes are destroyed, but she blesses her Savior for the expectations of a joyful immortality. She has found, that for happiness,

“He builds *too low*, who builds *beneath the stars* !”

And she has learned to believe what our beautiful hymn teaches—

“Lord, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure’s path I strayed ;
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turned my soul to thee, my God.

What, though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart—
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.”

and her “old age *was calm*” amidst all her trials.

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"There's naught so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought to approve.
Theft, treason, sacrilege, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to *hear them named*."

IN the happy home of her maternal uncle, Ida Roseville passed the days of her youth. Care was a thing unfelt; sorrow, a feeling unknown. To feed her birds, or train her jessamines, or watch her flowers bud and expand, was her pleasant and constant recreation. To read to her uncle, to sing him to sleep, or amuse him with her lively conversation, was her sweet employment, when her day's tasks were over. Her light footsteps, and merry voice chanting wild airs, re-echoed through the house, and the grey-headed servants loved to obey her gentle orders. Just placed at the head of her uncle's establishment, by the death of her aunt, and released from the control of her teachers, Ida was the idol of the household, and the gayest of the gay. Her dark eye sparkled with joy, and her beautiful lip wore a perpetual smile. Why is it that our after life presents so much that is dark and sad,—stern contrast to the brilliancy of youth?

Melancholy indeed seemed the hour of Ida's bridal, to those she was leaving, who were devoted and attached; but she saw *more attachment* in Edmund Roseville's love,

and more attraction in the picture of his American farm, than in the realities of her uncle's comfortable and convenient country-seat; and left, for a comparative stranger, the affectionate protection of her best and earliest friend. Such is the strange choice too often made between *real* and *unreal* blessing. We little know *what* is to follow the relinquished happiness of to-day. *To-morrow* may be a season of vain regret.

A few months after her marriage, Ida left the home of her happiest recollections, and confident of the undivided regard of her husband, wandered with him to the new world, to test for themselves its reported wealth, and peace, and beauty. She was happy. She found in her husband a polished and refined gentleman; a man of learning; and as he was a clergyman, of apparent piety. The first months of their union were passed in traveling over the northern and western states, that Roseville might select a suitable spot for establishing his farm.

A lovely boy, the play-thing in many an hour of wedded bliss, added to the domestic happiness of this self-exiled couple, and they were never weary of talking over the bright prospects of their sweet child, when his father's success in planting should make him independent.

At the commencement of the third year of their marriage, Edmund Roseville found it necessary to begin his preparations for a more settled life than they had yet led, and at length purchased a picturesque farm amid the mountains of Virginia, with a part of that property which his wife had inherited from her parents. Six

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months flew rapidly on, and every thing seemed to prosper in their business, as much as their love increased. In the summer of the same year, Roseville proposed returning to his native land, for the purpose of procuring laborers and stock to cultivate his land, which might be better obtained there; promising to return in a few months to remain altogether in their trans-atlantic dwelling. With regret Ida found herself obliged to separate from him; but the tender age of her baby, and the necessity of some attention to their interests in America, compelled her to do so.

"And is he gone? Am I *alone* in a strange land?" said she, as she returned to her solitary parlor, and beheld the thousand memorials that recalled his image; a hat upon its peg in the corner; a book he had been in the habit of reading daily, lying open on the mantel-piece; his favorite dog sleeping on the rug; his horse grazing near the window; his gun and horns in their accustomed places; above all, his slumbering boy, bearing his every lineament, called back so many remembrances, that she wept bitterly, to think so long and dreary a season was to pass, ere she would again behold his face, or enjoy his society.

Frequent and affectionate letters cheered her during his absence, and the sweet task of improving her child so as to give additional pleasure to his father when he came, beguiled many lonely hours. The latter part of the summer she passed with a relative in a northern city, determining to await there the return of her husband, as

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she would by this means be with him at least two weeks earlier than at home.

Joy lighted her countenance as she announced to her friends the intelligence contained in a letter she held before her. "My beloved Edmund will be on in the Cleopatra, expected to be in New York by the first of October; oh! how happy I shall be then. Congratulate me, dear cousins; only three short weeks, and I shall behold him again."

She shed tears of delight, and seemed never tired of making her boy repeat, "Welcome, dear papa," that he might be perfect in his lesson by the time he arrived.

* * * * *

"Is your name Roseville?" asked a rough looking man, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of a genteel young man, who, with his cloak drawn closely around him, was about to step on board of a brig that laid at the wharf with every sail set, ready for her departure. He did not answer, though the sudden start he gave, showed he was not unconscious of the touch, and he attempted to go on.

"Not so fast," again said the man; "answer to your name, or say who you are."

"I am an American citizen, going peaceably on my way homewards. By what authority do you stop a gentleman?"

"'Tis not every body that looks like a gentleman that is one, and you shall not move a foot until I am satisfied."

"If my name is Roseville, what then; have you any business with me?"

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"Not much, only that I arrest you by the authority of his majesty, and am bound to commit you to prison on the charge of forgery," bluntly said the officer, showing his warrant, while the alarmed crowd that gathered around the party, made a motion to move away from such company.

The young man turned as pale as death, and seemed entirely bereft of fortitude. The officer and his companion still kept a firm grasp upon him. The captain of the brig approached and inquired into the affair. "Is not this one of my passengers?" asked he, politely raising his hat to the gentleman; "there must be some mistake; officers, what do you want with that gentleman?"

"We only want to know his name," gruffly answered the one who had first spoken, "and he will not tell us. Now, to my mind, a man must be ashamed of his name, if he refuses to mention it."

"Perhaps you have been too ungentle in your demand," remarked the captain, "and that is the reason why your question was not replied to; but you must soon despatch your business, and let our passengers embark; the Cleopatra is impatiently riding the waves; time and tide wait for none."

"Very good that," persisted the officer; "but his majesty is not to be cheated out of a rogue by time or tide. Captain, look at that, and see if I can lightly prosecute my errand."

The captain started as he read the paper, and raised his eye, as line after line met it, to scrutinize the features

of the supposed culprit, and trace the marks of his identity, as they were recorded in the description. "Bad—bad," he muttered in an under tone,—“a high forehead; rather expansive; thin, dark hair; deep grey eyes; very genteel in appearance; about the middle height; usually wears a blue cloth cloak, with velvet collar and large tassels,—humph, very much alike! very bad; yet others may answer this description.” He turned aside, not wishing to distress one who might prove innocent, and whose silence might proceed from offended dignity.

“What do you think of that, sir?” asked the officer; “is not the account pretty clear? and yet I do not say I can swear to his being the man. What must I do?”

As he spoke, a porter walked up to the prisoner, and not observing the commotion, said, “I have brought your baggage, sir; please pay the reckoning.”

The officer immediately laid his hands on the trunks, and in the name of the king claimed them, until their contents should be examined; for *Roseville*, in large letters, was on one of the brass plates.

“Ah ha!” said the other man, “I thought somehow all this silence would be found out to show guilt. Off to the magistrate with the offender, while I will follow with the baggage. By Jupiter! we had nearly lost them.”

“The captain told *Roseville* (whose identity was now established, for the mark on his pocket-handkerchief, which he carelessly dropped on the ground, confirmed the suspicion,) he regretted the necessity of leaving him; but that he sincerely hoped his release would soon take

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place, as he was assured there existed some mistake about the matter, and asked if he had any letter or message to send home."

Roseville thanked him, but made no further remark. The captain had not learned his name when he applied for passage the week before, but recognized directly as he saw him.

On appearing before a magistrate, he was cross-examined, and there was so much to condemn him, that that officer considered himself justified in proceeding to investigate his baggage. In the first trunk which was opened, nothing was seen but dresses and ornaments for the wardrobe of a lady, together with several articles of amusement and usefulness, suited to a child: all seeming memorials to testify that the absent had been remembered. In the second, amid many rich and costly things, bank notes to the amount of £10,000 were found, bearing the signature of ——— and Co., London. These were the very notes advertised, besides many others which were not discovered. Also, several stamps and instruments for executing them.

"The inhabitant of a common prison," moaned a sad voice, which sounded along the echoing walls during the stillness of midnight; "all alone in the solitude of a common prison! Oh, Ida, my beloved wife! would you acknowledge as your own, the degraded being who is doomed to ignominy forever? Oh, Ida, my wife!—my wife! What pangs have I inflicted on your faithful heart! and my boy, is his to be the inheritance of shame? I dare not call on that Heaven for aid whose Sovereign

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I have insulted by my crimes. Oh, for some pitying hand to soothe this aching brow! Oh, for some pitying tone to break the dreadful silence of this dungeon!"

The night wore slowly onwards; but morning, blessed morning, dawned at last, and comfort came even to the desolate bosom of a captive; and the glorious sun, which "shines on the unjust as well as the just," gilded the bars of his narrow grating, and he felt less *alone* than before.

"Will you see a minister?" asked the gaoler, in a kind manner; for he had heard the lamentations of Roseville the night previous.

"I am not fit to have so holy a visitant," groaned he, as he struck his hand against his forehead; "Oh, no! a holy man would shrink from such as I am."

"It is their office," gently answered the compassionate keeper, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Roseville looked up with an air of astonishment. "Can you sympathize with the unhappy? Oh, it is sweet to hear the voice of sympathy."

"Yes sir, I am often enabled to console those who are suffering in this abode of wretchedness; and although I meet with many scenes which are hateful to me, yet I feel it is a privilege to have an opportunity of soothing, and perhaps improving, those who are about to meet a violent death. It is seldom that one, feeling as I do, will undertake an office so revolting as that of watching over the vicious and miserable. Yet often the innocent are placed here, and it is a blessing to them to have a guard who can pity and comfort. And often the hardened, sir, would die less recklessly, if they had some kind tone to

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calm them—some pious mind to lead their thoughts to Heaven ; and I stay because I hope to do some good.”

“ You will meet your reward,” said Roseville, in deep dejection, that affected the gaoler. “ I am committed for my *first* crime ; and oh ! it was for *her* dear sake”—he paused abruptly, shuddering as he thought of his heart stricken Ida.

“ I am obliged to leave you, sir,” said the man ; “ if it was known that I extend such sympathy to my prisoners, my fidelity would be distrusted ; and therefore I maintain a stern countenance. Yet I would not betray the confidence of my employers on any account. I would sooner give it up, for I know that authority is lawfully in the hands of our rulers, and it becomes us to let justice be done by their decree. Yet no law of God or man forbids mercy to those who suffer, and I do not consider my duty invaded by extending it. All, sir, that I can do to alleviate your sorrow, shall be done, so long as your wishes do not interfere with my duty.”

Roseville pressed the hand of his keeper in grateful acknowledgment, for he could not speak. At length he said, “ You will never know the horrors of remorse while you think as you do, therefore I can never in the same way show by my conduct at such a time, the depth of my gratitude for even this. I dare not pray for you, for Heaven hears not the prayers of the guilty. And yet, I once taught others the way of life ; but I am myself, Oh God ! a castaway.”

“ You will see a minister ?” asked the gaoler as he brushed a tear from his eye, while he turned to leave

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the room, willing to interrupt his prisoner's gloomy thoughts; "there is something in your manner, sir, that seems to say you are not very familiar with crime, and he may lead you to that Comforter who can render the most dreadful state of existence less dreadful."

Roseville was again alone with his thoughts, but the recollection

"Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
Torments him."—*Milton*.

"There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned,
He deals on his own soul."—*Byron*.

He felt the stings of a deep remorse; yet the desolation of his spirit was relieved by the sympathy of the gaoler. Oh, the luxury of imparting consolation to the afflicted! Sweet mercy does not stop to ask if their sorrows are *self-inflicted*, or the just visitation of Jehovah; but it sees the tear fall, and hears the sigh burst from the overcharged heart, and springs forward to dry the one or still the other with the heaven-taught compassion that feels for every woe a brother can endure. How pity can light the dungeon's walls, and lessen the weight of the fetters laid upon the once unshackled limbs of the condemned!

"Alas! I have alike wrecked *her* peace and mine," he moaned; "and now she is watching the breeze, and counting every hour, hoping for my return. And our dear cottage, with its cheerful hearth, and my dogs upon it, speak of enjoyment, while I am shivering on a bed of

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straw within these dripping walls. Oh Ida! Ida! why did I take thee from thy happy home, to plunge thee into wretchedness like this. And my Albert! Oh, will he not curse his father's memory, and wear the brand of degradation on his beauteous brow! The path of virtue is the path of peace! Fatal was the hour that I yielded to temptation! The birds flit past my window with "Heaven's sunshine on their wings," but I am a captive. The meanest of my countrymen may walk abroad in freedom, while I am doomed to breathe the air only through a few iron bars. And what may I be before another day?"

"'Tis morn, and o'er his altered features play
The beams, *without the hope of yesterday.*
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps his raven wing,
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening meet,
Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffened limb,
Reflecting earth, reviving all but him."—Byron.

Hours rolled by with no change to him. He longed to hear a human voice again, and wondered that time so slowly ran his accustomed round. Sleep, (the friend of the miserable,) released him from the torture of reflection for awhile. He was aroused from a dream of home and joy, by the gentle touch of his kind keeper.

"I have brought a minister to visit you, sir; perhaps he can give you consolation." He considerably left the room and closed the door.

"You are wretched," said the humble disciple of the cross; therefore I come, in the name of Him who "went

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about doing good," to offer the comforts of religion to all penitent sinners. Brother, if you are guilty, confess your crimes to God—"turn from the error of your ways—repent and live." Such is the message of the gospel."

"I dare not approach the throne of grace; I am too much defiled with sin."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," saith the word of truth—the only condition is, repent."

"Minister of God, you see before you one who has fallen from a higher station than you dream of. I once was permitted to preach that same gospel you now proclaim. Oh! is there not a double woe overhanging him who forgets his high calling, and dishonors the profession he has been privileged to occupy."

The minister looked appalled. "Have you been a watchman on the towers of Zion! and now a condemned captive? How very awful!"

"Said I not there was no hope for one so vile?"

"There is hope, brother, for the vilest. What saith the prophets? "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding." "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts." Can any go away in despair from the fountain of truth?"

"You would comfort me, but as yet no dawning light of peace breaks in upon my soul," said Roseville. "Oh! if you knew *all* I have lost—all I have abused—all I have injured!"

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"Brother, confide in me ; it will relieve your burthened soul, and I may be enabled to pour into your wounded spirit the "oil and wine" of holy consolation. You do not look like one long used to crime."

"Long used to crime! Oh no! this is the *first* dark deed upon my conscience."

"Do you repent of it?"

"Most heartily!"

"Would you yield to the temptation again, were you exposed to it?"

"I trust not—I trust not."

"Do you grieve most for having offended your God, or for the consequences you have drawn upon yourself and others?"

Roseville covered his face with his hands, but did not answer. He seemed communing with his own heart; and his convulsive shuddering told the fearful conflict in his mind.

"You do not reply," again remarked the minister solemnly. "Is God less regarded than your fellow-creatures, or the opinion of the world?"

"I would hope not, sir ; but, Oh Heaven ! when I think of *her*—of my boy—of my dishonor—my head reels, and I dread nothing so much as life and disgrace."

"How awful!" exclaimed the minister. "Brother, turn your thoughts from earth, and think of the greater disgrace of being condemned before all people, and tongues, and nations, at the day of final account. What are the scoffs and contempts of men, to the condemnation of an insulted God?"

“Old man, have you ever loved deeply, devotedly? Ever been loved confidently, sincerely? Have you ever held to your heart the lovely infant of your wedded home? Ever been the companion of the virtuous and good? Have you ever tasted the joy of calm domestic peace—the sweets of ease and competence? Have you ever felt the delight of striving to add to the comfort of one who smiled when you smiled, or wept when you wept? Have you ever felt the pang of separation from such a being, and the anticipated hope of a re-union with her, and then been cast down from all, to a dark and desolate prison, with no voice to recall the tender notes of kindred sympathy, no eye to beam with affection upon you, as I have been? If so, old man—if so, you can understand my mingled emotions. Despair—regret—remorse! Bitter cup for the lip of any living mortal.”

“With so much to bless your lot, how were you led to commit the crime for which you acknowledge you are justly condemned?”

“Listen to a brief history, and pity though you may censure. To please my father I studied for the church, with the expectation of a living in the gift of a rich relative. I preached the gospel of peace, but I never felt its heavenly influence. My heart was not renewed by that Holy Spirit, whose aid I invoked when I took my vows. Alas! that so many lightly assume, for worldly purposes, those sacred duties which they should feel to be a happy privilege to exercise in a genuine love to God and to man. Like other English ministers, I indulged in such sports and amusements as the *canons of the church do not ex-*

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pressly forbid, but which the *spirit* of the bible must condemn, as both unbecoming and unsuitable to a preacher of the gospel, whose pleasures and interests should be far removed from those of the worldly and the careless. In my case, this practice of entering into these light pursuits, lessened the seriousness of my mind, and I proclaimed to others a self-denying doctrine, whose precepts I never followed. Yet my conscience did not reproach me, and even after I in a measure gave up my calling, I felt no regret. Such is the result of *half-way* principles in religion. There is no truer text in the whole bible, than that which declares it to be "impossible to serve both God and the world." Thoughtless, like those around me, I checked myself in no indulgence. On the Sabbath I would ascend the consecrated pulpit to offer consolations or warnings to those with whom I had passed the week previous in fox-chasing, dinner parties, or amid the circles of fashion. Nor could I wonder that the most of them returned to the next week's occupations, as cold and as careless as ever. These things have occurred to me since. I never reflected on them *then*. But in the dimness and darkness of this prison, memory portrays these long slumbering offenses in characters of fire before me.

During some of my wanderings through the country, in search of pleasure, I became acquainted with my wife." He paused as if reviewing the joy of that meeting. His thoughts ranged far and wide into the ocean of the past, and the contrast of the dreary *present* lowered darkly over his picture. "I saw her *first* the gay, mirthful belle of a crowded saloon, and immediately felt

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our destinies to be forever linked. How singular is this sudden sympathy for a stranger! and yet it is irresistible.

We met—we spoke—we loved. In two months from that evening she was all my own. Yes, mine

“Was love unchangeable, unchanged—
Felt but for one from whom I never ranged.”

She left her uncle's luxurious house and shared the humble home I could give her in an American cottage. We were happy as love and peace could make us. Her property furnished us with a comfortable farm, and we cared for no more. Alas, that a spirit of wandering and a desire to increase *her* style of living, should have induced me to quit her side. I came to England last summer, and had made arrangements to procure stock and laborers for a return to America in October. In an evil hour I met with an agreeable acquaintance, who persuaded me to visit London with him, and amuse away the remaining month of my sojourn here. Having nothing to do, I consented. We had not been there long, before he let me into the secret of his unbounded means of maintaining an expensive manner of dress, and equipage, and amusement. He painted, in glowing colors, the satisfaction of having wealth at command to benefit those we loved, as well as ourselves; the easy mode of obtaining money, and the trivial nature of the crime; until what had once been of vast importance, seemed a mere nothing; and I joined him in *forging* drafts in the name of ——— & Co., London. As soon as we had done so, and succeeded in passing off some of the notes, I

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invested half of mine in the things I intended to convey home for the use of my farm and family ; and the stock and utensils are now awaiting my orders for transportation. Horror at my guilt was lost in the thought of what an additional source of comfort this money would be to my wife and child, and how much my age would be relieved by its aid. I purchased for her use whatever I could imagine might be welcome, and believed every thing was secure and unsuspected. I kept ten thousand pounds, intending to invest that in New York, and thus escape detection. We left London immediately, and by different directions came to Liverpool, intending to embark together in the *Cleopatra*, and sail for New York. Just as I was stepping into the vessel which waited only for passengers, I was arrested, as you have doubtless heard, and conveyed hither. Unaccustomed to crime, I could not deny the charges against me ; and proofs enough were discovered in my trunks to condemn me. And when *she* hears of the *Cleopatra's* arrival, her heart will rejoice, for *she* expects her to bear me to my home ; but the only record *she will bear*, will be of the blighted name and hopes of her idolized husband ; and my child will be branded with the infamy of his father, and be led, perhaps, to hate the being whom he ought to love and venerate. Oh, sir ! this unmans me ; this makes me abhor myself."

"Alas," said the old man, "it is a fearful story ; but you offend God by forgetting his righteous anger in the misery of *earthly* friends. You must view your crime aright, and be deeply penitent ere the consolations of

the gospel can reach your heart. Will you not strive ? Will you not pray ?”

He shook his head, and said in a hollow tone, “ I dare not pray.”

“ I will do so for you,” replied the minister ; and he knelt beside the wretched pallet on which they were sitting. Roseville bowed his head upon his hand, and seemed affected by the solemn supplications of the holy man, who invoked the mercy of God to soften the soul of the criminal, and to send him the repentance and the hope of pardon he needed. And when he entreated that comfort might descend upon the afflicted wife and helpless infant in a distant land, the miserable Roseville sobbed aloud. The minister of God arose, and again urged him to think of his insulted Maker ; promising to return if he could the next day, and learn the state of his mind. Roseville thanked him and he departed. Another desolate night closed in, and another desolate morning dawned. He looked anxiously for the hour at which he might expect his visitor ; not that he was more sensible of his danger, or more willing to bow before his God, but because it was joy, in that abode of gloom, to hear the sound of another human voice. His gaoler had not spoken more than a few words of inquiry, seeming in haste when he brought his food and lights.

About dusk, the key grated in the lock as it was turned by the keeper, who ushered in the clergyman ; his overcoat was buttoned tightly, and the high collar covered much of his face, and his hat was drawn over his eyes. He sat down in silence by the couch, and extended his

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hand to the prisoner, who did not catch a glimpse of his countenance, as it was rather averted. When the door was closed as before, the apparent minister threw aside the coat, and displayed to the astonished Roseville the form of his accomplice. A suppressed exclamation alone revealed his recognition, and the young man pressed his finger on his lip.

"How did you come here?" asked the agitated Roseville in a low tone; "take care you are not betrayed to disgrace as I am."

"No," whispered the youth; "listen and I will tell you all, and I hope to release you from this place before another day dawns. How you came to be identified I cannot imagine; but when I saw the officers seize upon you at the wharf, I made the best of my way from the scene of action, lest there should be some warrant for my detention; and I remained in retirement, hoping to find some means of effecting your escape. Until this morning I have been almost hopeless; but if you can use some exertion I trust we can manage it. I discovered that my uncle, who is a minister, visited you yesterday, and I thought I might venture in his coat to pass through the prison in the dim light of evening. He was obliged to leave the city to attend a sick parishioner, and I knew he would not be back before to-morrow. I went to his house and succeeded in getting his wig and coat to-day. No questions were asked at the door; but I must hasten to tell you my plans before we are interrupted. Here are some files and a strong cord; put them away beneath your straw bed—there—now let us examine the window;

see, the bars are worn and rusted ; rub a little of this composition upon them before you begin to file ; then, see, this wood is decayed around them—cut it away so as to slip the bar out, and the work will be half done. As soon as you can squeeze through, tie this cord to the upper bars and let yourself down ; the river is below, and we shall have a boat ready, and soon will be out of sight, and hearing of our pursuers if you are missed. I do **not** believe I am at all suspected, my family being well known here.”

“ But I have no money now,” said Roseville in a low tone ; “ every thing is gone—my trunks—my gold—my all.”

“ Do not fret about that,” answered Vernon ; “ people who can coin bank notes as easily as we do, need not care about a little loss. I can soon give you another forty thousand. Besides, I think it better luck to be a poor man abroad, than to be a captive in Botany Bay.”

“ Oh, certainly,” said Roseville, “ and I will use all the efforts which despair can lend, to be free ; as soon as you go, I will commence.” While they had been talking, Vernon cut away some of the wood and the bar shook in its place. “ You see,” said he, “ I have learned to be expert in the use of tools. Cheer up, cheer up, Edmund, we shall see some *golden* hours together yet. I have gone too far to recede now, and I must go on in my course or be a disgrace to my connexions. I will leave country, and home, and name, if it be requisite, for ease and pleasure. But farewell till we meet in safety to-night. Should you be unable to effect your purpose,

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or are watched, hang something out of the window, and while it is there I will keep off; when it is removed, I shall row under the walls and strike three light strokes with my oar, and whistle twice. So listen, and take courage; a little bravery will do every thing." He then replaced his wig, hat, and coat, and tapped gently on the door. The keeper soon opened it, and he went his way unsuspected and fearless.

Roseville's heart beat quick as he pursued his work. The first file grated and snapped. He felt despair rising to his breast. He took another—that also broke with a noise which caused the keeper to unlock his cell and enter to ascertain the cause. Roseville had only time to throw his tools on the straw and lie upon them before he came in. The voice of his visitor seemed to rouse him from a deep sleep. He held the lamp to his face for an instant and then departed, as if satisfied with the scrutiny. As soon as all was tranquil he again commenced his task. Hours passed ere he made any progress, and he was about to hang out his signal of defeat, when a sudden plash of an oar and the low peculiar whistle, cheered him with the assurance of his comrade having performed his part of the plan. It was not until three o'clock that he felt any hope of success. He drew the yielding bar from its hold, and fastened the rope as directed; attaching it to his waist, he was soon beyond the boundary of his prison. He gains the boat—is seated in safety—and is receiving the congratulations of Vernon. But a confused noise reaches their ears. The bars which were dragged into the water by his weight

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upon the rope, from the decayed window sill, roused the sentinels ; lights were moving from cell to cell—Roseville's escape was discovered. Boats, better manned than that of the fugitives, followed in pursuit. Nearer and nearer they drew—the more vigorously did the captive and his deliverer pull their weary oars. At length they approached a small vessel lying in the stream ; a low signal gave notice of the vicinity of the expected passengers. The little skiff is alongside—the sails are set—the sailors ready to go onwards as soon as they are on board—Roseville's foot is on the side—he is about to spring into the sloop—his danger is almost passed—when, as before, he feels the grasp of a firm hand upon his shoulder, and again he is a captive, arrested in the name of his majesty.

Just as they thought escape certain, they were overtaken, and in less than one hour, Vernon and himself found themselves immured in a dark and damp dungeon, with iron fetters upon their wrists. Thus ended this ingeniously devised plan. Roseville gave himself up to despondency, and Vernon could give him no consolation, for he well knew there was no hope for either of them then.

Their history is quickly told. A trial was hurried on,—they were condemned ! and sent to pass their remaining days in exile, amid the horrid society of fellow-convicts. Dreadful reverse for both ! What a termination of the opening prospects of their youth ! Their names dishonored, the peace of their families destroyed, their own hopes blighted. One in the very spring-time of life—

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the other holding the endearing station of a husband and a father. How many such records, alas, meet the observing eye of one who traces out the progress of vice! How many scenes of Eden-like happiness are thus ruined, by the encouragement of *one* vicious propensity—the companionship of *one* vicious acquaintance!

Botany Bay is not the place for reflection; but we may not doubt, that in after times, Roseville's thoughts often wandered to his once tranquil home, and the beloved beings who made his all of joy on earth; unless, indeed, he became hardened in guilt and shameless. Then, to think of the pure affections which had blessed his days of innocence, would be misery; and perhaps his own hand drew a veil of forgetfulness over the bright colorings of the past.

We turn from the appalling picture of crime and its punishment, to inquire into the fate of Ida Roseville.

Around a cheerful fire sat a social circle, employed in different ways. Some were sewing, some reading, some conversing. A beautiful boy of two years of age or more, sat upon the carpet receiving the caresses of a large Newfoundland dog, that played gently with him. His mother watched their gambols, and was smiling with her infant. A servant entered with the New York Times, and laid it on the table. Ida was soon absorbed in its contents; "The Cleopatra has arrived," exclaimed she joyfully; "my husband will be here to-morrow, I am sure."

"I do not see his name among the passengers, Ida," remarked one of her cousins, looking over her shoulder.

"It is probable it was accidentally omitted," she said; "he would make every effort not to disappoint me, I know;" and she continued to glance over the paper.

"Come here, Albert, say welcome papa for me; are you glad dear father is coming?"

"Welcome papa," repeated the child, while his mother kissed him over and over again.

The next evening she began to fear, as he had not come, that there was ~~some~~ detention, either in England or New York, but still hourly expected to hear his footstep and meet his eye. Thus a week passed on.

As usual, the paper was brought into the parlor and laid on the table in the evening. Ida, ever on the watch to catch the first news of his arrival, hastily overlooked the columns of ship intelligence, but Roseville's name never met her eager glance. A piercing shriek aroused those who were around, and they saw, with amazement, that Ida had fainted. What could be the matter? A moment before and she seemed tranquil and cheerful. While some assisted in restoring her, one of the party took up the paper to see whether that could elucidate the case. Too soon, alas! was it made clear enough. Under the head of English news, was this terrific notice: "Forgery. An extensive and daring fraud has been practised on ——— & Co., London; said to be to the amount of thirty or forty thousand pounds. Edmund Roseville, a clergyman of the church of England, and formerly a resident of this country, but recently of America, has been taken up on suspicion of the crime, and committed

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to prison. He was on the eve of embarkation for New York when arrested, and such proofs of his guilt have been obtained, as to render it probable that he will be condemned."

The unhappy Ida returned to consciousness and to wretchedness. Still she clung to the hope of its being a mistake; but in a short time her friends in England wrote to confirm the horrid tale, and she was called to mourn over the dishonor of him she had loved so devotedly. Oh woman! hard is thy destiny. How often is thy tender soul wrung with agony by the unkindness or the vice of those who should protect and bless thee!

In a little while she found herself reduced to poverty; for her property was sold and the money transmitted to repair as much of the loss as it could, to those who had suffered by his villainy; and she found it necessary to enter upon some active employment, to support herself and child. Heart-broken and desolate, she still drags out her existence, another instance of the sad termination of a bright career. Ah, who may venture to pronounce *his* destiny secure, when neither a religious profession, a liberal education, nor a devoted affection can save from disappointment!

Surely this world's happiness "is all a fleeting show." Happy are those who view it as a changing scene, and learn to fix their hopes on an inheritance whose "fashion" never "passeth away!"

It is well, ere we close this brief sketch, to dwell upon the crime which has led to such consequences as have

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been recorded, both as regards him who committed it, and those who suffered from its effects. And what is forgery? Is it alone the dishonorable act of defrauding a fellow-creature? Is it alone to be avoided as a degradation in the eyes of the world? Is it alone to be shunned as plunging our relatives and friends in sorrow? No! Let us view it as God will view it at his bar of retribution. How many of his commands does this one action (simple as its execution may seem) violate and scorn. He has enjoined us to "love our neighbor as ourselves." Can we do this and yet injure his interests? No! He forbids us to commit murder. Do we not murder the peace of all who love us? He forbids us to steal. Do we not rob our brethren of their justly earned wealth? He forbids us to covet. Do we not desire that which is another's? He commands us to be holy, just, and true. Are these injunctions obeyed by the forger? Alas! would we but look at crime in all its length and breadth, and think that while *earth* beholds the *act*, its *consequences* shall reach to *Heaven*, and influence us through a ceaseless eternity, we would pause ere we pass the *threshold* of *sin*, and spare a merciful Creator the necessity of dooming to everlasting woe, creatures he has formed for a blissful existence in his own presence. The downward path to ruin is quickly trodden; and he who would save himself from guilt and misery, will do well to check the *very first thought* of evil; for a *thought indulged* leads to an action, and an action often ends in degradation. Mark with what coolness Vernon proposes to commit

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again the very deed which has already rendered Roseville a villain ; and mark the calmness with which Roseville hearkens to the proposal ! Does not familiarity with sin make the heart callous ? The *second* step in iniquity is easily taken. The *second* whisper of a reproving conscience is easily smothered. The *second* crime loses half its horror. Our *only* security lies in "keeping ourselves *unspotted from the world*," by "touching not, tasting not, handling not," what is forbidden.



SUDDEN DEATH AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Joys are for the gods;
Man's common course of nature is distress;
His joys are prodigies, and like them too,
Portent approaching ills."—Young.

"From the sad years of life
We sometimes do short *hours*, yea, *minutes* strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, *never* to be forgotten;
Which through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste."

Joanna Baillis.

"When I look back upon the first, bright, early days of my existence, they seem like a fairy vision, in contrast with the dark and dismal scenes of my after life; and even those dreary hours are mellowed by the hand of time, into a calm review of the past, totally unmingled with regret or grief. A balm provided for the suffering children of God, has been placed upon the wounds of a lacerated heart, and I find my old age one of comfort, notwithstanding the severe dispensations of a wise, though mysterious Providence. *Religion, which is the blessed voice of Jehovah's spirit in the soul*, has whispered consolation; and the sweet hope, that after a pilgrimage of woe, I shall repose in a Paradise of rest, no more to be distracted by the cares of earth, gives a tranquility and peace, the world neither disturbs nor destroys!"

Such were the sentiments of a widowed wife and childless mother, at the advanced age of seventy years. "How unsearchable are thy ways, Oh Lord!" The

evening of existence is often calm and serene, though the morning be overclouded, and the *noon* stormy and dreadful !

Selina Clifton's history was one of those romances in *real life*, which occur so frequently, and yet so seldom obtain notice ; and which would furnish abundant material for any novel, founded upon the most extravagant vicissitudes to which the human lot is subject.

As a child, prosperity and joy illumined her path. Not a wish that wealth could gratify, was left unindulged. Accomplished in all the elegancies of her time, she grew up an ornament to the polished society in which she moved—beautiful in person and feature, yet without vanity—gentle, yet sprightly in disposition—always supplied with a fund of agreeable conversation, and yet fond of her books and retirement. Few ever commenced life with brighter or happier prospects ; few ever saw a more sudden and protracted desolation of hope !

When she was twelve years old, she met with a youth nearly her own age, whose personal beauty and manly character attached her guileless heart ; and a mutual affection, as well as a pledge of future union, bound their congenial spirits at this early period. And years seemed but to increase an attachment so singularly established, when, it might well be supposed, neither knew the bent of their own inclinations. Several proposals of marriage met the ear of Selina, but no one could displace the image of the beloved Julian De Vere. And his thoughts ever cherished, amid the loveliest and wealthiest, the beautiful girl who had taken possession of

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his heart. No distance, no change of circumstances, could make him, even in imagination, wander from the being he loved. And after his college education was completed, he returned home to claim his bride.

At the age of eighteen, by the will of his father, he became sole master of his extensive property ; and with none to oppose his inclinations, he proposed an immediate marriage, though Selina had scarcely left school, and was yet almost a child. She also was independent ; her father having arranged his plans so as to leave her mistress of herself and wealth, on the day she became a wife. Thus, in *wordly* means, they were rich indeed, and not less so in personal and mental treasures.

A liberal education had polished the manners and mind of De Vere, and he was attractive and amiable. Where was there ever a more unclouded prospect of temporal happiness ?

On his return, he found the lovely little girl he had separated from three years before, grown up to womanhood, radiant with health and beauty—the object of universal admiration, and of matrimonial speculation, to many a love-sick youth, and prudent mamma, who were desirous of appropriating to themselves so much wealth, combined with so much sweetness and virtue.

De Vere felt anxious ; yet the undisguised pleasure with which he was received, and the total indifference Selina manifested towards those who paid her homage, convinced him that her regard, romantic as it had been, was all his own. He pressed for an immediate union, tremblingly alive to the fear of, somehow or other, losing

a prize he would have given almost his existence to obtain.

Seeing their deep devotion, her mother consented, though conscious sixteen was too early an age for a girl to take this most important step in her life.

"The bride is indeed beautiful," remarked a guest, as he stood with a companion observing Selina's graceful movement in the dance; "and De Vere is not less elegant. They look, however, like two children—so young—so joyous."

"Yes," replied the other; "it seldom happens that there is so much on both sides to render a marriage advantageous; wealth, personal attraction, amiability, intelligence. It seems too fortunate a combination to last long."

"What do you mean!" said the first speaker, turning his piercing gaze upon his friend; "can you suppose *they* will be unhappy?"

"Oh no! but I am rather superstitious, and I always tremble for those I see so perfectly satisfied in all things. Instability and change are stamped on all earthly hopes!"

"I trust their sky will remain always bright," said the other; "though by their marriage my own is overshadowed. I have loved Selina Clifton too well to wish otherwise." He moved away as he spoke, for he felt a regret that his was not the treasure De Vere was privileged to approach, as he did at that moment, confident of the entire devotedness of her warm and pure heart—that his was not the eye to meet her affectionate glance—

his not the ear to receive the accents of her gentle tenderness.

Selina's tall figure looked well in its thin muslin robe, adorned with rich lace ; and the simple chaplet of white roses above her calm brow was becoming. To the fairness of an infant's cheek, was added the glow of health and youth ; and her dark hair and soft blue eyes, rendered her's one of those countenances an artist loves to copy, and in which he finds it difficult to portray the proper expression, from its continual variation—now gay—now pensive—now serious—now beaming with affection.

Julian De Vere was quite as conspicuous for his beauty. A tall, manly figure, and clear complexion, brilliant dark eyes and expansive forehead, were sufficient to entitle him to admiration ; and the fascinating smile which revealed his fine teeth, was inexpressibly attractive. But it was Julian De Vere's temper and manners that most attached his friends. All that was amiable, generous, refined, seemed to concentrate in him.

A crowd of relatives and companions witnessed these bright nuptials, and congratulations and blessings were showered upon the lovers. In a short time after, De Vere took his beautiful bride to his country-seat, where she entertained a large company of guests with grace and dignity ; and Cedar Grove became the scene of the purest domestic and social joy.

"I shall leave you to-day, Selina, for a few hours," said De Vere to his wife, one clear morning in April, about ten months after their marriage ; "do not wait din-

ner; we are going to hunt, and probably shall be out late. It would be hard to make you do penance for our frolic," added he, addressing a party of young companions, who were spending a month with Selina.

"Pray do not stay late, Julian," said Selina; "it always makes me uneasy when you do not return before dusk. I am very nervous about these hunting expeditions."

"Pooh, wife! there is never any danger. Have I not gone and come back safe and sound, an hundred times? You know Don Juan is as sure-footed as I am myself, and he will bring me home as carefully as you would yourself. Besides, here is a host of hunters who will take charge of me."

"I will, for one," answered Hugh Melford, rising from the breakfast table, and gaily blowing his horn.

"Very well!" replied Selina. "Cousin Hugh, I shall look to you especially for my husband's safety."

"That's a bargain!" said Hugh, offering his hand to his fair kinswoman as a pledge.

A merry circle gathered in the piazza to see the riders mount. They called for De Vere, who had gone to the parlor to bid his wife farewell.

"Take care of yourself, my precious Selina, for my sake," was the parting injunction of De Vere.

"And come back soon and safe, if you love me," was her's, as she linked her arm in his, and followed him to the door.

Not until the horsemen were out of sight, did she cease to gaze on Julian. His was the only form she saw

amid a dozen others. With a sigh she resumed her domestic duties, and endeavored to beguile the tediousness of his absence, by inventing and preparing such things as she thought would tempt his appetite on his return to an early supper. Often as he had gone before, she had never felt so apprehensive as now. Her friends laughed her out of the idea, and strove to amuse her mind by conversation and reading. Thus the morning wore away. Noon arrived, and she strolled to the piazza, with a scarcely indulged hope of seeing the welcome signal of her Julian's vicinity. A dust in the distant avenue, raised her expectation to certainty, as she saw several of the hunters riding in haste to the gate, and more remotely spied the servant who accompanied his master, bearing behind him the fruits of their sport, a fine deer. Still further back she thought she discovered another horse, with some one lying across the saddle, and her heart misgave her, for she dreaded lest some of their guests had met with an accident. The cavalcade was too distant for recognition then. Ere they drew nearer, those who had come forward first, intimated to the ladies that Selina must retire ; and ignorant of the reason for this necessity, she complied, and took refuge in her chamber, to await some further information.

Alas ! it came too soon. On inquiry, she learned from a relative who was with her, her husband was injured by a fall, but that she could not at that instant see him.

"Not see Julian if he is hurt ! Oh yes ; I would not stay from him a moment. Let me go," said she, as her companions endeavored to detain her.

"Wait a little, dearest Selina," said one, laying her hand on her arm to check her progress to the door; but Selina moved onwards: "something worse is the matter," exclaimed she, gazing wildly at her cousin. "Anna, something worse is the matter, or you would not keep me here."

The expression of her friend's countenance too truly revealed the appalling truth. "He is dead," she shrieked in agony, and fell senseless into the arms of her terrified relatives. They conveyed her to bed, and she lost the sense of her present sorrows in an insensibility of hours. Severe illness was the consequence, and she recovered to find herself desolate indeed; deprived by death of the husband of her youth, and in a few days after, of the infant which only saw the light to follow its father to his early tomb! *Such woe* requires an abler pen than mine to do it justice. Months rolled on in seclusion and sorrow. Six years passed away, and she still mourned in spirit, as well as in outward habiliments. And the tie so rudely severed as soon as it was formed, was remembered and cherished with an unceasing fervor.

The gun of *Hugh Melford* had accidentally discharged its load into the side of that husband whom he promised to restore in safety to the devoted wife. Such are the ways of Providence! "Man appoints, but God disappoints!" Surely we "know not what a day may bring forth." Let none of us presume to calculate upon an hour's security.

Thus were the prospects of as happy a couple as ever lived, in a moment destroyed. Thus did the meridian of

her existence arrive, dark and dismal. And as she gazed back upon the few brief but bright beams of joy, that gilded her youth, all seemed some wild dream of her imagination. At seventeen she had been a wife, a mother, and was a childless widow.* Such a record seldom occurs. The picture is a solemn and a painful one. And yet, strange infatuation of the human heart, *time—effacing*, *meliorating time*, closed these deep wounds of her soul. And, though she never *forgot* Julian De Vere—never ceased to recollect his melancholy fate—she arose from the depth of her affliction, and in an evil hour consented to become the wife of a middle-aged gentleman, who, among a number of others, bowed at the shrine of her beauty, which was still pre-eminent. How she could have given him the place in her affections which De Vere once occupied, was a mystery to all. And she soon found she had ventured her all of remaining happiness in a shattered vessel. It soon foundered, and left her but the wreck of her former peace.

A desire to possess her property, more than an attachment to herself, led him to offer his hand in marriage; and though considerably older than herself, and the father of grown children, who had long been without their mother's care, she united her fate to his, and was miserable! While dressing for her bridal, a part of the ornaments she designed wearing, fell at her feet, and were broken to pieces! Selina shuddered and proclaimed it a bad omen, weeping in terror. But her destiny was

* A Fact.

SUDDEN DEATH AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

fixed, and she conquered the momentary superstition, and descended to the parlor where her friends were assembled, and there again changed her condition.

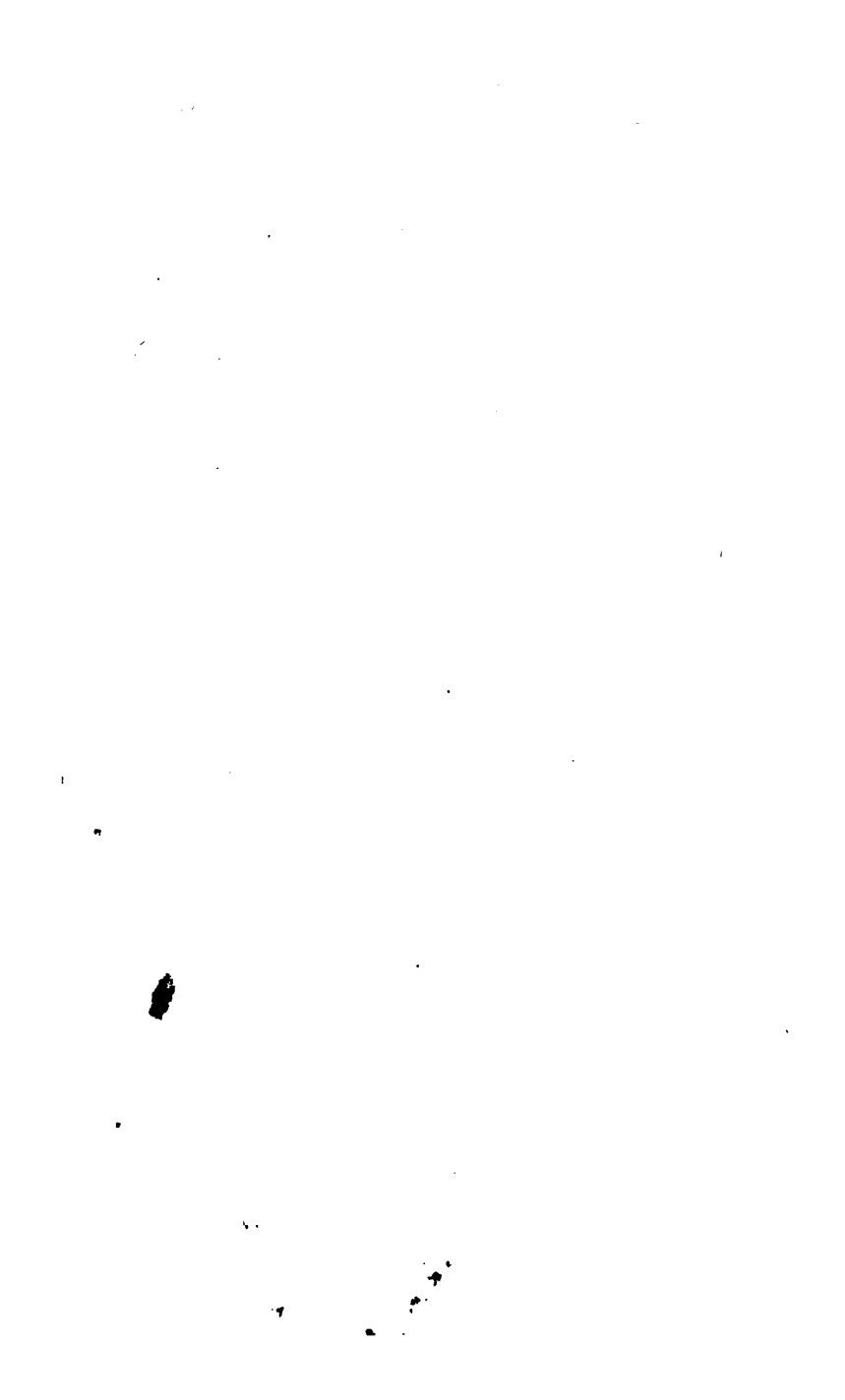
In a very few years she discovered that her husband lived but to gratify and please himself; and her fortune (for he had none,) was squandered to minister to his whims and wants, while she was left without resources; and weeks would pass away in solitude, while he was taking his pleasure in distant places. A little daughter shared her lonely hours, and robbed them of half their weariness. To improve her, was now the sweet employment of her life. She was less sorrowful than might have been expected. In her deepest woe she had made *Him* a friend, who is the Comforter of the "weary and heavy laden," and religion's holy consolations sustained her in all her disappointments.

Years crept on unhappily, and her husband's conduct became so insupportable, that she refused to remain longer beneath the same roof; and abandoning her country residence, she retired to her mother's dwelling, and passed some time in her more congenial society—endeavoring to dedicate her soul with more zeal to her God, and to render the declining period of her mother's sojourn on earth, less cheerless and dreary.

After a *separation of ten years*, her penitent lord entreated her to be reconciled, promising to reward her forbearance by a course of devoted affection and kindness. Actuated either by that Christian spirit of self-denial which blesses whatever sacrifices we make for conscience sake; or by the reviving sentiments of a long

slumbering attachment ; or by the hope of effecting a reformation in his character of what was wrong ; or by some other motive, into which we cannot penetrate, she renewed her domestic duties, and was compensated for her decision by receiving, during the rest of his life, that attention and regard she merited, and his dying blessing at the last awful moment which dissolves all human ties. Another daughter was added to her list of comforts, and in the little Ella, Selina found a constant source of interest and amusement. Three years alone was this treasure her's, and then the pure spirit of the beautiful child returned to the God who gave it, and Selina found there was nothing like a permanent scene of happiness on earth. Her eldest daughter grew up and married ; but died, leaving a baby a month old to her mother's care. In this child centered all her remaining hopes of joy. At seventy she presented the calm picture of a meek and humble Christian. Resignation sat upon her still fine brow, and she looked upon her past stormy voyage over the ocean of time, with a perfect assurance that all things had been wisely ordered, and felt it "was good for her that she had been afflicted."

The hand of *change* spares none ! Flowers bloom only to wither and die ! Beauty exists only to fade and disappear ! Man lives but to expire and moulder into dust ! Happiness, like the sun, only rises to set in the night of sorrow. Where shall the affections of the heart be placed without the danger of decay or loss ? There is nothing immutable but *Him* who is the same "yesterday, to-day, and forever."



INDOLENCE.

“ Who doth to sloth his younger days engage,
For fond delight he clips the wings of fame;
For sloth, the canker-worm, burying the name
Of virtuous worth in dust and shame.”

“ Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”—*Byron*.

ARABELLA PEMBROKE'S was one of those sad yet submissive countenances, which irresistibly fix the attention of every beholder. It told of past and severe mental suffering; and the downcast eye, frequently closed as if to exclude some scene of woe, while the lips breathed a suppressed sigh, riveted the sympathy of those who noticed them. But had they waited for an *expression* of her grief to learn that she had been crushed by sorrow, they would have remained in ignorance. No murmuring word escaped her tongue—no repining looks told of her broken hopes—no abandonment of energy in her duties, bespoke her forgetfulness of *Him* who had smitten.

Few saw Arabella Pembroke unmoved—few excelled her in attractions. Both in youth, and in her maturer life, mental loveliness had taken the place of the pre-eminent beauty of her features; but the same heavenly expression of a meek and gentle spirit illumined them, which had characterized her in the zenith of her happiness. Indeed,

this was heightened by the melancholy air which pervaded her face and manner, and you felt at once, that in her there *was something* to pity as well as admire. The gospel's picture of true piety was faithfully reflected in her soul. It had long refused to admit a shadow of the world's resemblance ; turned ever upwards to Heaven, it caught the image of its Sovereign, and dwelt within its dust formed tabernacle, as a thing apart from earthly principles, and hopes, and feelings ; fitted more for an intercourse with those who surround the throne !

The *tone* in which she spoke conveyed the idea of devotion ; the manner in which she entered the sanctuary, and knelt to offer her supplications, told that her broken heart had bowed before *Him* in its wretchedness, and had been healed. Her conversation wore the spirit of the Savior she adored,—holy, pure, guileless, full of charity and the works of righteousness.

How the blighting touch of the world sends us to repose in the soothing presence of the compassionate Redeemer ! How his precepts shine in the conduct of the true believer ! How sorrow softens the haughtiest emotions, and bows down the gayest mind ! How religion gilds the darkest destiny, and mellows the harshest afflictions ! It had been shed over Arabella's dismal path, and taught her there was a place of rest for every suffering disciple.

Among all who bowed before her beauty, none touched the heart of the gentle Arabella, until Pembroke confessed himself her slave. Young, handsome, polished in manner, refined in conversation, intelligent, wealthy—what was wanting to fix the attention, or excite the in-

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terest of a beautiful and sensitive girl of eighteen? Nothing! The religion she loved at that early age, he respected; and shortly after their marriage he knelt with her at the sacred altar, and they partook together of the sacramental cup. Their wedded life flowed sweetly and smoothly on. A devoted affection united them, and her mother and sisters said, "that of all the marriages in their large family, her's was the best and the fairest."

Some months were spent with his father, a rich merchant in Philadelphia, upon whom his son was dependent, having applied himself to no employment, exertion not being necessary for his support. He passed his time in reading and attending on his wife. She regretted his want of occupation, fearing it might lead to evil; but while he remained *as he was*—affectionate, pious, literary in his tastes, agreeable and domestic in his habits, she could not anticipate ill consequences.

On the birth of his eldest daughter, a lovely child, his attachment seemed to increase towards her mother, and they were happy in watching her improvement day by day. He thought it expedient at this time provide a home for his family; and his father offered to furnish him with the means, and to establish him in a handsome house, such as became his fortune. But Pembroke, ever inclined to indolence, preferred taking apartments in a fashionable hotel, where he would be saved the task of all exertion. At first Arabella found this pleasant; but soon her husband seemed to feel languid and wearied at home, and although kind as usual to her, he left her with less reluctance than formerly, and appeared anxious for other

society. She felt grieved, but endeavored to be reconciled to a change which was really so slight as to afford no ground for a remonstrance, or even for a feeling of mortification.

"You are enviably situated," said her sister to her during a visit to her agreeable lodgings, the second summer after her marriage; "few girls meet with so many fine qualities in their partners for life. Surely, Arabella, there is nothing you have to sigh for."

"I am happy, sister," replied Arabella; "very happy. Pembroke is devoted to me, and I should be ungrateful indeed not to acknowledge it; and oh! how blest am I to have him think as I think of holy things. When we return from our Sabbath and sacramental duties, it is delightful to me to see him anxious to retain the impression of the solemn service we have been engaged in; and he generally offers to read to me until dinner or tea. He refuses all invitations on that day, even to his father's."

"Arabella's is a bright picture of domestic peace," remarked her sister to their mother on her return home; "and we may be thankful, that although she is absent from us, she is comfortable and contented."

"Yes," said her mother. "It pleases me to behold their happiness; congeniality of tastes, love, and prosperity, mark their lot, and there are none of my children about whom I feel so little anxiety. Arabella has chosen well."

They went back to their southern home the next Autumn, satisfied that her destiny was one of unmingled joy.

In three years another interesting daughter added to their pleasure, and except the regret Arabella experienced at her husband's occasional absence to seek amusement abroad, nothing interrupted the calm current of their existence. Supplied by his father with unlimited means for every gratification, Pembroke had really no object to attract his attention from his own and Arabella's wishes. Having secured to her all she needed for comfort and convenience, he thought he was at liberty to dedicate a part of his time to his amusement. An *idler*, whether he be rich or poor, can always find companions to help him to get rid of the day; if he be rich, the more readily may he obtain sharers in his wealth, and thus too often gold becomes our greatest curse.

In a boarding house, where there is no call made upon him for the provision of a family, or the regulation of domestic affairs, a *gentleman without occupation* easily falls into the habit of associating with those who, like himself, are endeavoring to get through as many hours as possible in the most agreeable way. And Pembroke found the ennui of his wife's apartments much dissipated by joining in the gambling of a set of loungers who hung around the hotel in which they lived. It was long before she discovered his pursuits, and when she did, her gentle advice and most affectionate entreaties were used to allure him from the fatal snare. At times, the devotion of his wife, the playful gambols of his eldest girl, and the sweet smiles of his baby, would fix him at home, without a desire to wander; and Arabella thought he would not always have those companions to lead him astray.

However, he imbibed so strong a passion for amusement, that he soon found others to supply their place when they were gone.

"Will you excuse my attending service to-day, Arabella?" asked he one Sabbath; "I do not feel like going out."

"It is communion day," said she very gently. "You will not let any thing but indisposition prevent your going, I hope."

"I cannot go, Arabella," replied Pembroke; "you would not force me to so solemn a duty when I am unwilling?"


"Oh no! but this is the first occasion on which you have expressed a disinclination to partake of those "holy mysteries;" why is it felt now?"

"We have them so often, Arabella, that sometimes our not being present is advisable. These things are more imposing when less frequent."

"Oh no, Pembroke!" said Arabella; "we do not complain of seeing too often what we really love. We never think too often of what we really value. Believe me, the more constant we are in our religious duties, the more we prize them, and benefit by them. Are our prayers less devout because we offer them day by day? Are our Sabbath privileges less precious because they recur every week? Is your presence to me, or mine to you, less agreeable because we meet hourly? Oh no! Oh no! If we *love* Jesus, we must desire to *remember him constantly*; and we cannot so effectually do this, as by fulfilling his last command, "do this in remembrance

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of me." I have often heard persons remark that they thought our *monthly* communion was injudicious, because it rendered so holy a service too common; but I must confess, in all my experience, and by much observation, I have found that those who the least regarded and prized this blessed ordinance, lived less according to the strict and self-denying doctrines of *his word*, whose memorial of dying love they slight. Believe me, we never improve our spirituality of mind, or increase our pleasure in pious pursuits, by our neglect of devotional duties. Let me read a few extracts from that excellent work, "Christian Perfection," on the subject of communion. "Holy communion is the great source of health, of strength, and of security to the soul; but to produce these effects it ought to be received *often*. It ought to be taken, not as a mere occasional repast, but as the ordinary and regular nourishment of the heart. This is a truth which every thing in the sacred scriptures, every thing in religion, establishes and confirms. The food which is administered at the sacred banquet, is the proper nourishment of the soul, and the principle of its health—the source of its grace, and the bond of union with Jesus Christ. To its participation is annexed the promise of eternal life; to its refusal the punishment of eternal death. If we really aspire to virtue, and sincerely wish to save our souls, let us commune *often*. It is by communing *often* that virtue will be obtained most easily; and our salvation be most effectually secured. Communion is not a mere holiday ceremony—not a business of custom—of decency—of fashion. It is an action the most



exalted and sublime ; the most sanctified and holy ; the most vitally interesting, which man can perform on this side the grave. It introduces, as I have remarked, Jesus himself, the eternal Lord of Heaven, into the heart." "These, my husband, are solemn considerations," she continued, as she closed the book, "and we should not lightly regard them. You will accompany me to church this morning?" laying her hand affectionately on his arm.

"No, Arabella, I cannot go. If you knew how I have passed most of the week, you would not urge me to present myself there. Remember the condemnation for an unworthy receiver."

Arabella shuddered—"What have you done, dear Pembroke, to exclude you from that holy ordinance?"

"Much—much ; do not ask me, but go to your duties, and pray for your absent husband."

"We will pray together at home," firmly, yet calmly replied his wife, placing away her bonnet and shawl, which she had taken out to put on. Pembroke saw she was determined, and he did not remonstrate. He knew she never acted from trifling motives, and without reflection.

He assisted her in instructing their little daughter in her catechism, and then read a sermon from Massillon's fine collection to her. These concluded, they knelt and prayed. Arabella dwelt long and feelingly on *his* necessities, and was earnest in imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit, to save him from lukewarmness and backsliding.

Another and another such trial followed, and Arabella felt that *his* piety was on the wane. This was a severe ordeal, but she bore it with fortitude. Now Sunday dinner parties were frequent—church seldom attended—the altar abandoned—domestic prayer avoided as often as possible—late hours succeeded to dissipated pursuits—and intemperance not seldom closed the career of idleness. Oh, the wide-spreading devastation of idleness! In the humble but true adage, “it is the root of all evil,” we find the secret of many a desolated hearth and drooping spirit. Pembroke was without employment, and he sunk to *sin*, because Heaven had showered on his path the blessings of abundance and ease. Alas, that on the book of everlasting record, there are seen so few memorials of a grateful return of the *talents* lent us for useful purposes, when wealth abounds!

When Arabella’s youngest daughter was about two years old, the same sister who had visited her three summers before, returned to pass a few weeks with them, on her way to New York and the eastern cities. She saw the tranquil brow and placid smile of content on the still lovely countenance of Mrs. Pembroke; but she felt the tranquility was not the same as formerly, and there was a look of sadness in the smile with which she met her gaze, that told her suffering lurked beneath; yet she did not question, knowing whatever it was that produced it, would be revealed in the household intercourse, where concealment is impossible; but she determined to mark well all that passed. She was considerably older than Arabella, and had assisted her mother in rearing her

younger children, so that she viewed her with almost a parent's attachment.

All went on smoothly for several days. At length the Sabbath arrived, and they separated after breakfast, to prepare for church.

"Does not Mr. Pembroke accompany us?" asked her sister in astonishment, as she saw Arabella and little Frances standing in the entry waiting for her.

"No, he seldom goes now," answered Arabella, sadly, as she hurried on to avoid conversation on the subject. Her sister said no more, but she felt that Arabella's matrimonial sky was dimmed with clouds. She noticed that lowly bending of the head which oft betokens a stricken heart, and the deep absorbed attention she paid to her devotions, unmoved by any outward object.

Day after day she observed more and more of Pembroke's retreat from virtue. Day after day she saw the struggle in Arabella, to conceal from others the humiliating fact that he was not the high-minded being he had been.

"Arabella, are you unhappy?" said her sister to her one morning when they were alone, after a night of anxiety respecting her husband. "Why do you not confide in one whom you have known from infancy—who has watched over you as a mother?"

"It is so dreadful," replied Arabella, bursting into tears, while she threw her arms around her sister's neck. "Oh, it is so dreadful to confess that one we love dearly is fallen." Her sister wept. There had been so fair a prospect of happiness—so perfect a picture of earthly

peace in their domestic intercourse, that she could not think of a change without sorrow.

"How has this happened, dear Arabella?" asked she. "When I saw you last, your joy was complete. And at home we delighted to think you were well settled and contented."

"Want of occupation, sister—too much prosperity—too much leisure, have led to evil company, and evil company has led to moral ruin; and now I live to see the husband of my early choice, once so distinguished for all that was noble, and generous, and affectionate, degraded not only in the eyes of the world, but in the sight of *this* children. Many have been the years of heart-withering grief I have endured, with none to console—for I could not purchase sympathy by exposing *his* defects to others. Oh no! I could better bear to die, for he is dear to me as life still."

Her sister approved of this conduct, but said, in speaking to *her* she might unburthen her mind without fear of exposure, and gently drew from her the long history of her apprehensions first, then her certainty of error, and last of all, the excesses and vices to which he was addicted. "But," she continued, "I have not been alone, sister—oh no! there has been One ever near to sustain and support me—and I have found the preciousness of the cross in my sorrow. Ah, you weep! but dear as religion was to me in brighter hours, I never knew its value till the earthly prop on which I leaned snapped, and in snapping wounded me.

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"Yes, lovely Power! Thou can'st destroy
Those cares which rob the heart of joy!
Which steal the luster from the eye,
And bid the rose of youth to die.

When sorrow saddens every hour,
'Tis Thine to shed Thy balmy power;
And back to peace at once restore
The heart, and bid it sigh no more!"

Oh, sister! I have found religion indeed my staff and my stay in those dark hours of human misery, when none but God has been nigh to see the scalding tear, or hearken to the hopeless groan, or listen to the anguished prayer. And although I feel my happiness has forever gone, I trust I am not rebellious."

Her sister endeavored to soothe and console her, and rejoiced to see, amidst all her woe, she was calm and resigned.

In order to cheer her spirits, and if possible reclaim Pembroke, by withdrawing him from the dissipated companions he was with, she proposed that the family should accompany her on her tour. Pembroke cheerfully agreed, and seemed uneasy when she remarked upon the paleness and langor of Arabella: he still loved her, and when in his right senses, was as devotedly affectionate as ever, and doated on his beautiful children. It was in educating and improving them, Arabella lost the bitter sense of her disappointment, and they amply rewarded her care—they were intelligent, docile, and very interesting.

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During their travels, Pembroke so seldom indulged in the excesses of his home pursuits, that both his wife and her sister trusted he would forget their influence ere they returned. And when they separated in October, the latter was convinced Arabella would again enjoy the peace she had done, and parted with cheering expressions to her on the subject.

Years passed over, and they only increased the misery of Arabella, as her husband's guilt increased; for he renewed all his habits of vice as soon as he again was left to unemployed leisure and indulgence. Her friends, even his own father, urged the propriety of her leaving him, but in vain. Her sense of duty prevailed, and she dragged on a wretched existence in mortification and care. Her daughters were real comforts to her, and in the devoted tenderness of the sweet Frances, she had a consoler whenever her dejection was betrayed to them. It was impossible to conceal their father's conduct; and often would the little girl cast her arms about her mother's neck and say, "never mind, mother, I love you."

She was prevailed upon to visit her parent and friends in a southern city, and was accompanied by her husband, thinking there he would again relax in his dissipation, and she should enjoy some tranquility; but alas! he became worse, and even in public her feelings would be so much tortured, that she often left the room in tears to seek a refuge in her chamber. Not that he was rude, or harsh, or unkind—never to her, under any circumstances; but she would sink with mortification to see him the contempt

and derision of the company. At these times a light footstep would follow her, and she would feel the little arms of Frances twisted about her, and her soft voice entreating her not to cry. She was about thirteen years of age, gentle and affectionate as heart could wish.

One morning she received a note informing her that Pembroke had sailed for some distant port, without consulting or regarding her feelings. Her friends were rejoiced, as she now could, without self-reproach, accept their affectionate entreaties to reside beneath their care, and was no longer bound to sacrifice health, peace, and almost life itself, for one so heartless—so degraded. She availed herself of their kindness, and once more enjoyed repose in the circle of her own cherished household.

Still a chastened sadness sat upon her brow, and gave a langor to her step; for she remembered, that while *she* was in peace beneath a parent's roof, he was treading the wide waters of a troubled world, tossing amidst its shoals and quicksands, in hourly danger of shipwreck and despair.

Lost to society—to happiness—to himself—he wanders abroad in search of pleasure, but finds it no where. Misery and desolation must follow in the train of vice! and he who leaves the calm current of virtue, to seek for a more rapid stream, will find, when too late to repair the error, that his bark will progress *more swiftly*; but it will be amongst *whirlpools* and *eddies*, which will sooner or later hurl it to destruction! Pause a moment on the

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brink of this tumultuous ocean, ye who desire to partake of the excitement that *he* seems to enjoy; and after gazing forward upon the wildly flowing billows that bear his vessel onwards, look back upon the gently rippling tide, which *slowly* yet *surely* carries the worshiper of *right* to the happy haven of temporal peace and eternal glory, and then plunge, if you can, without alarm, into the gulf over which you hang!



INSTABILITY OF EARTHLY ATTACHMENTS.

"How perished is the joy that's past—
The *present* how unsteady,—
What pleasure can be *great* and last,
Since *this* is gone already?"

"Is there any thing permanent beneath the skies? Is there any truth in love, friendship, generosity, disinterestedness? Is there any sincerity in professions of attachment? None! None! Every thing upon which "*earthly*" is stamped is perishable!"

Such was the decision of Rosa Montmorenci, as her thoughts wandered far back through the past, with its joys and hopes, and contrasted them with the chilling disappointments of the present. "Happy is he," said she aloud, as she lifted her head from the work over which she was bending, and raised her mild eyes to Heaven, "happy, thrice happy is he, who can turn from the disappointments of time to the expectations of an unchangeable eternity!"

Rosa Montmorenci had met with much to convince her of the insecurity of temporal felicity, and she could be classed amongst those whom she just pronounced "happy, thrice happy;" she was a Christian. Her faith had been often and severely tried, but she had at last learned in every affliction,

"To see love written on them all."

Her feelings had recently received a shock, "in the sudden and unaccountable estrangement of a beloved friend; and she mourned over the change secretly and deeply. Pride—a woman's pride—preserved her from betraying to others that she suffered—most of all from the offender; and none who saw her cheerful countenance, and heard her merry laugh, could have believed that hours of heart-withering sorrow were her portion when alone. The heart *may wither*, but it cannot grow cold; and while it is animated by the warm tide of feeling, it never can *forget*. With David she oft exclaimed, in the bitterness of her regret, "It was not a *stranger* that hath done me this dishonor; *then* I could have borne it; but it *was* thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend, whom I trusted. We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." Rosa possessed a strong mind; the romance of youth had passed away, and had left her fully awake to the realities of life. She always felt a desire to be engaged in useful pursuits, and when she found her mind sinking into a state of morbid melancholy, she aroused her native energy and determined to burst through its fatal spells, and act out the principles she professed. "I feel," said she, "that I was born for something nobler and better than to waste my existence in vain regrets;" and she occupied herself with schemes of benevolence or improvement, to banish thought; still, at times memory would revert to the past, and a lingering wish to fathom the mystery of her cousin's conduct would arise. "If I could but understand the reason," she would say to herself, "I would be more

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reconciled; but the deeper I search into it, the more bewildered I am. Rosa Montmorenci was no light, frivolous character; and, therefore, she could not comprehend inconstancy in another. Where *she* loved at all, she loved fervently and forever. Her most intimate friends were the associates of her *earliest* years, and unless they proved unworthy of her regard, she never discarded them from her affections.

In the case before us, her attachment had been so pure, so devoted, so hallowed by religious feelings, so disinterested, that when it was thrown back upon her as a valueless thing, by one who had once prized it as the very richest of all Heaven's gifts, her heart received a shock it could not recover; she mourned over the wreck of her scheme of happiness, as one weeps over some long cherished object of regard; she was grieved to think *he* could have wounded, whom it had been *her* joy to bless; she grieved to be obliged to affix any weakness to his name. Amidst the many who had disappointed her hopes and expectations when she looked for perfection, she turned to him with pride and said, "*He never errs!*" and now to feel he had fallen from the high standard upon which *she* had elevated him, distressed Rosa's generous spirit.

Willis Cameron little knew the being he slighted—little understood the devotedness of that heart, which, for his happiness would have sacrificed its own. But Rosa Montmorenci had yet to learn that *instability* and *change* are written on affections as well as *things*.

Willis Cameron's was a noble nature; his emotions were fervent and sincere, and when he did love, he loved intensely—absorbingly. He felt a deep attachment but to few; but those few occupied his whole attention. Every thought—every hope—every expectation of comfort centered in them. But Willis Cameron had one fault; (though he was utterly unconscious of the fact;) it was too great a regard for *self*. If he could impart a beam of joy to the friend he loved, it was more for the satisfaction he felt in bestowing it, than the genuine delight of seeing its effect on another. If an action bade fair to bring reproach or care, he paused, weighing its consequences to himself. Not so with Rosa; her's was a daring soul, which shrank from no trial if another might be benefitted, or shielded from blame or sorrow. *Self*, with her, was always to be sacrificed to all or any she might serve. Her joy was to light a smile upon the lip of the desponding, even though her own heart encountered a pang surpassing words. Her delight was to dry the tear upon affliction's cheek, though her own eye might be dimmed in secret, by the misconstructions or censures of those who cared not whether suffering or bliss was the allotted portion of those around.

In many respects, Rosa and her cousin were much alike; and hence that absorbing attachment which bound their spirits as soon as they were thrown into each other's society. A great difference of age, and many peculiar opinions on the part of Rosa, as well as an early and deep affection for another on the part of Willis, rendered their regard one totally removed from passion; and al-

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though it bore, in its devotedness, a strong resemblance to love, in the common acceptation of the term, it was not, in reality, tinctured by one shade of that feeling. Friendship, in its purest, holiest garb, was the golden chain that bound them. The knowledge of this, rendered it harder for Rosa to understand the sudden estrangement of Willis. Any emotion of pain becomes doubly irksome, when *mystery* veils its cause from our reason; and she, who was all candor, all sincerity, wondered and mourned.

That same selfish principle which actuated Willis to devote himself to his cousin, because her society charmed him and her kindness blessed, made him carelessly neglect her altogether, without a reference to her grief, when he found it no longer the one great business of his existence to see her—speak to her—listen to her—please her. A passing call, not often repeated, now took the place of that restless anxiety, which scarcely allowed him a desire for any other object of pursuit. A few hurried, indifferent sentences, took the place of those rapid conversations, when time seemed to fly too fast for enjoyment; and as much as possible was pressed into every moment snatched from business and the world. Occasional inquiries as to her health, were now substituted for that tenderness of tone and manner, which, if her cheek were only for an instant pale, or her eye dim, led to kind and considerate solicitude. Rosa felt the change; she knew her opinions had influenced him in many cases, where he hesitated between right and wrong, and she had exerted her whole mind to render that influence salutary. In the grand and leading principles of virtue

and religion, she had endeavored to fix his wavering sentiments—she had watched for the ~~first~~ feeble step that threatened to make him falter in the narrow path of duty—she had warned and saved by her counsel, when temptation's billows had almost overthrown his self-denial and steadfastness ; and she met her reward in his own declaration, that "he was better and happier for her precepts," and in the admiration and approval of those who knew him.

Willis Cameron had long been a professor of religion, and had won the esteem of the good and holy, by his propriety of conduct and piety, both as a man and as a Christian ; yet, when Rosa and himself became companions in that household intercourse which reveals the very secrets of the heart, she discovered there were many worldly maxims mingled with the real seriousness which he had imbibed ; there was not that full and undivided dedication of the soul to God which he required ; and the customs of many around, whom *society* recognizes as pious and correct, were by him adopted as at least harmless, if not justifiable. But with a spirit anxious to act and think rightly, his own reason soon became convinced by Rosa's simple arguments, based upon the clear doctrines of scripture, and he cast aside at once idol after idol, which had long found their altars in his breast, and set out on that narrow path which the true disciple must tread if he would reach the gate of Zion.

How could Rosa do otherwise than love one so gentle, so devoted ? Those hallowed pursuits which constituted her enjoyment, were dear to him. He loved to go with

her far from the busy multitude to the quiet sanctuary, and to exchange the sounds of revelry, for the sweet songs of praise, re-echoed from the lips of those who gathered there to worship and to pray. He loved to sit beside her and listen to her voice, whether she instructed or amused; nor cared to wander to other scenes if she was absent from them. He loved to go where *she* was prized, and with excited cheek, though silent often, he hearkened to her praises; or if she mourned, his pale brow and tone, subdued to sadness, bore witness of his sympathy. Amidst a dozen others, *she* knew his bounding footstep as he lightly ascended the steps, telling of his joy at getting back to his *one* dear refuge from the heartless world. Among ~~an~~ hundred others, *her* chair at table, or in the evening circle, alone had charms to draw him from the throng; and she has smiled to hear him say "he felt alone if he was not near her, though in the same room." If others blamed, his kindling eye soon told his pain; and in spite of her imploring glance for silence, he sometimes spoke in high displeasure in her defense. If he had to leave her for one little day, his regret poisoned all anticipated satisfaction in an excursion for recreation; and oh! the joy of his return.

*But did Rosa Montmorenci reciprocate these feelings? Yes, yes! No hours in the long day were half so bright as those on which *he* was to seek his home. No footstep sent such a thrill of happiness, as his upon the pavement, when he rapidly approached; no prospect of amusement had attraction if he was not to join her; no sacrifice of personal convenience or interest weighed aught.

in the balance, where *his* were to be promoted. Rosa viewed him with the anxious tenderness of a mother for her child. *He* looked up to her, as to a guiding spirit, for direction and approval. They lived in peace, untroubled by the aching pangs that *love* inflicts; they lived and loved as *friends*. So hallowed was the bond, riveted by religion's fetters, which seemed beyond the reach of accident or time, that they dreamed on in security, and thought *their* pure affection not even death could sever. Alas! that dull *reality* so rudely tears away the veil which hangs before the dreamy visions of the soul!

Rosa awoke to find, *even Willis Cameron* was like the rest of the world—inconstant and ungrateful! Such shocks are needful. The trusting heart too often winds its best affections around a feeble prop, and when it sinks and leaves them to fall and perish, they seek for a better and more enduring support in the *arm of Him* who never fails us. Too often we think our devotion wholly God's, and in loving one *He* has given us to cheer our dark journey over the path of life, we suppose we only value them as God would have us value; but when we lose the comfort of their presence and attachment, we discover that too much—too much of the heart has been occupied with the frail creatures of a day; that God's own image has not been fully reflected from our souls. And although *at first* we feel crushed by the desertion of a cherished object, we afterwards are led to exclaim, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and again, "when he smote me, then I sought him."

Willis Cameron had resided in the country until he completed his education; his father desired he should enter into business with an old friend of his, who lived in a neighboring city. Willis had been a favorite with his uncle and aunt when a child, and although they had not seen him for some years, they remembered his mild manner and affectionate disposition, and thought he would be happier with them than among strangers, and that he would supply the place of her brothers to Rosa, they having gone to the west to seek their fortunes; and therefore they wrote to invite him to stay at their house.

Mr. Cameron very gladly availed himself of this kindness, and Willis accordingly became one of his uncle's family. Rosa was absent on a visit to the country when he arrived, and her cousin thought at first that he should have but a dull time of it with the old people. He had no great hope of more cheerfulness from his expected companion, for he understood she was altogether devoted to her religious pursuits, caring little for the world, and never mixing with any society beyond a few select friends.


"Well," said Willis, on the night of his introduction into his future home, "Well! I shall find it dreary enough here I suppose. My cousin Rosa does nothing but read and go to church, and my uncle and aunt do the same. I love church myself, but I like a little of the world too; however, I must try to go on as well as I can. They are very kind, and this is a comfortable room, sup-

plied with every thing convenient and pleasant; yet I wish cousin Rosa was more gay."

"And so I am to live with Willis Cameron," said Rosa to herself, the morning she expected to return to her father's. "I know now I shall often find it irksome to have a guest to entertain. My time has been so much my own, that I dread any restraint upon it. And he is so young too; one nearer my own age might be interesting; but boys are so apt to be troublesome; they expect you to allow them to become companions, whether it is agreeable or not. However, I will try to benefit him by imparting those truths which I fear he may not have embraced; and even if he is disagreeable, it is my duty to endure it; and I need a little self-discipline to correct my recent indulgence in unmingled pleasure."

It was late in the evening, before candle-light, when Willis came into the parlor, where Rosa sat with her bonnet on, ready to accompany a friend to lecture. As Willis entered she rose to meet him, and kindly welcomed him to their home. It was too dark for her to distinguish his features, and he almost immediately left the room, and before he returned she was gone. They therefore did not renew their acquaintance before the next morning at breakfast. The family were seated when she came in; she smiled a "good morning" to her cousin and said she hoped they would soon be less like strangers.

"I hope so, for I am very anxious for a social companion," answered the sweet voice of Willis Cameron. And Rosa saw before her a delicate youth, whose mild



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blue eye and gentle manner were very attractive. "We shall be friends," thought she.

There is a chord of sympathy between kindred minds which almost immediately unites them. It is a mysterious feeling, but very powerful. Moore has beautifully expressed the idea in his lines,

"Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that moment caught
Some feeling it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled, and shone before us then.


So came thy every look and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone,
New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcomed as if known for years."

And they did become friends! A few daily meetings—a few mutual acts of kindness—a few congenial sentiments expressed—a few devotional exercises together—and Willis Cameron's enthusiastic heart was wholly Rosa's. A *word* was sufficient to direct him—a *look* sufficient to subdue the most petulant emotion—a *wish* signified, sufficient for her immediate gratification. She felt deeply interested, and longed to put forth her hand and pluck up gently the few remaining weeds that had sprung around the plant she watched. She did not desire an influence merely to exert it for some trivial end; not to proclaim it

to the world; not to glory in a conquest. Oh no! Rosa Montmorenci's aim was higher—holier. She wished to see a spotless sacrifice presented to the Lord, when *his heart* was offered on the altar of religion; and it *was* almost spotless. One, and another, and another indulgence, which trod so closely on the brink of forbidden pursuits, that they reflected *sin* as it hovered near the pure mirror of the gospel, he relinquished, and felt, as he himself affirmed, that he had been far from true spirituality of soul, though loving the right and abhorring evil.

The most unimportant object over which we watch with anxiety, becomes dear to us, and we cannot without pain behold it receiving a shade of wrong, nor avoid making an effort to draw it from the danger. Is it to be wondered at, that with such a nature as Rosa possessed, she was anxious to keep so fair a jewel unsullied by the world's polluting touch, or that she became deeply concerned for the interest and improvement of her pupil?

Besides, he had sources of sadness which called for her sympathy. He had long and devotedly loved one, who seemed far beyond his reach, from his inability to make her an offer of his hand. He had to work his way slowly to independence. His father had no fortune to bestow, and *she* was not *an heiress*. Often did Rosa's patient ear listen, and her pitying heart feel, and her soothing voice comfort. To know he was unhappy only made her redouble her efforts to cheer his melancholy; and he almost forgot his sorrow, as he gathered from her rich store either amusement or instruction.



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Months rolled by and found the cousins still the same. And Rosa thought she had discovered *one* proof at least against the doctrine, "that there *was* no constancy in man!" But she calculated too soon upon what she desired to find true.

Willis Cameron became an invalid, and was compelled to seek a change of air for relief. At the hour of parting it seemed as if even death itself could not have caused more anguish. Tears, regrets, promises were exchanged, and both appeared inconsolable. The busy world afforded pleasure and novelty, and though his memory often turned to the home he had left, and still saw the one guiding star beaming there, distance destroyed its lustre, and its influence was lessened. He did not *forget*, but he was not miserable away. On his return home he found *her* absent. Many months intervened ere they met again; and they met less joyously than they had often done after a separation of a few hours. Another scene of household intercourse renewed their friendship; but it never—never wore the same confiding, hallowed, devoted air it had once done. There was a change; but where, or how, or why, neither could tell.

So slight the difference day by day,
It seemed the "*shadow of a shade*;"
Yet faint and fainter grew the ray
Which once across their path had laid.

Each hour one precious link was riven,
Of their attachment's fragile chain,
'Till scarce they knew the shock was given,
Which time could *never* heal again.

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First looks abstracted—careless—cold—
 Then words reserv'd, and actions too;
 Alas! the story's quickly told,
 How soon *reserve* to *coldness* grew!

Yet neither aching heart could tell
 The cause of change, though both deplore;
 For even *then*, they knew too well
They lov'd as few have lov'd before.

At length the spell was wholly severed. Willis appeared to find it irksome to be even for a short time in Rosa's society. Various excuses were made for his absence from home; though she *knew* the very time he might have devoted to her, he spent elsewhere; but she bore it all, not without grief, but firmly. The last blow to her hopes and comfort in him, was his withdrawal from the privileged services of the sanctuary, on those evenings when it had been his delight to go there.

It is true he had other calls upon his time, which Rosa did not expect him to relinquish for her; he had won the affections of the woman he loved, and was betrothed; his cousin had rejoiced with him, and would have felt for her what she did for him; but she was grieved, deeply, solicitously grieved, when he substituted the presence of an *earthly* object, for that of the King of kings! She feared one step would lead to another, and she knew well how *quickly* we tread the downward path of ruin.

He had not yet given up his weekly attendance at the temple where he worshiped, nor his Sabbath school duties; nor had he gone back to the heartless scenes of

worldly amusement; and although changed to *her*, she trusted he was unchanged to God.

About the period of his engagement he abruptly withdrew from his uncle's roof, and chose to take up his abode in some private family, under the pretence of being nearer his business. His good aunt and uncle wondered and regretted, while Rosa felt it was done to be away from *her*. Oh! if there is a pang which severely wrings the trusting soul, it is to feel we have placed our affections on one who does not appreciate them—who does not value them. It is possible that Rosa misconstrued many of his actions, and attributed many of his feelings to indifference, which were totally unconnected with any such influence. Yet when we once learn to *doubt*, a thousand suspicions rush in to mar our peace; and we view actions in a defective mirror which distorts the fairest features.

“ Friendship, like the sensitive plant, shrinks
From the slightest touch of roughness.”

Oh, if there be a sorrow on earth,
’Tis to *doubt* where we *love*, and love where we *doubt*.

Still Rosa could not bear to have any one blame him, and she defended and excused, as if she herself had endured no suffering at his hand. She felt desolate for a long time, and mourned in secret over the loss of his attachment; but she loved him too well to allow others to censure him unreprieved. She occupied her mind with useful and benevolent pursuits, and strove, by active duties, to supply the place in her heart which he had pos-

sessed. She succeeded in a great measure, and as we already remarked, had regained her tranquility, although her memory would revert to the subject occasionally, and she could not avoid wondering at the change in him, and feeling desirous to *understand* his conduct.

As a matter of duty, Willis came sometimes to the house ; but his manner was so restrained when he was there—he seemed so willing to depart, that Rosa felt it would be less painful never to see him, than see him thus—and every visit only added to the vast distance that separated them.

Oceans do not as effectually divide us as estrangement !

“ Willis seems always in a hurry when he is here,” said his uncle one morning after he had paid a five minute’s call ; “ Rosa, what is the reason ? It is very singular ; he once never was happy except he was beside you ; his friends found fault with him for not visiting them often, and yet he cared not ; and now, when he is here, he seldom talks to you. I don’t understand it at all.”

“ Why, father, you know Willis is an engaged man, and we cannot expect to have as much of his company now.”

“ I know that, Rosa ; but there is a great difference in giving much of his company, and giving too little. Willis Cameron is much changed to us ; I only hope he is not changed in other matters too.”

“ No, father, he is as constant in his religious duties as ever, and I think he will do well.”

Months passed away, and the cousins met less and less frequently ; and Rosa found she had wisely chosen to

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supply the place he had occupied in her heart, by other thoughts. She was now tranquil, and had learned to look for happiness less to others, and more within her own soul.

The afternoon on which she was first introduced to our notice, was lovely. The bright beams of an April sun glistened amid the budding flowers, that grew luxuriantly in the little garden which surrounded the house, and stole through the jessamine as it clustered thickly over the portico which led from the parlor in which she sat at work. Her books and music were scattered about, and a lute with its broken strings laid beside her basket. She was in one of those moods of abstraction, which did not amount to despondency, but fixed an air of sadness upon her placid countenance. As she pronounced the words, "Happy is he who can turn from the disappointments of time to the joyous expectations of an unchangeable eternity," she heard a sigh near her, and the soft voice of Willis Cameron repeated, "Happy, thrice happy, indeed!"

Rosa started—for as she sat with her back to the door, she had not seen him enter. "Willis," said she in the tone of earlier days, "Willis, do *you* feel that happiness?"

"I trust so, Rosa. I would not exchange my hopes of future bliss, for all the glittering wealth that earth could give."

"Thank Heaven for this!" replied she. "Ah, Willis, may you ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life."

"Rosa, do you think I have wandered from holy duties, because I am less with you than I was? Oh no! I

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love them still. I have not joined the world's giddy throng, as perhaps you have imagined. I am not less worthy of your regard, than when I saw you daily. I know I am not as often here as you have a right to expect, but I love and respect you as much as ever. You look incredulous, but one of these days I may have an opportunity of proving this. In the meantime, let me again and again return you my warmest thanks for the thousand instances of kindness and affection you have showed me; believe me, Rosa Montmorenci, they are not and can never be forgotten."

"Speak no more of them, Willis," replied Rosa, feeling somewhat affected by his manner, for there seemed a shade of sadness over him, which always subdued her, "Speak no more of them. I did nothing for you but what you amply repaid by your attentions. I only grieve, dear Willis, that you no longer permit me to exercise this affection. I feel the same towards you, but I cannot persecute any one with tokens of regard, from which they have withdrawn themselves; yet remember, whenever the world looks coldly upon you, there is *one* heart to which you may ever turn in confidence, and without a fear of repulse or indifference. Time can but rivet the chain which once bound us, and whatever your course may be with regard to me, Willis, my interest, my sympathy, my assistance, are still at your command."

A tear dropped upon her hand, as her visitor raised it to his lip. "Rosa," said he, "do not condemn me; let me beg you not to distrust me, although appearances may lead you to suppose I am unmindful of your kindness.

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I value, I prize it, and it will gratify you to know that whenever I am about to perform a doubtful action, my conscience bids me think what *you*, in your purity of heart, would say—and often, ah! how often, has the recollection of *your* disapproval prevented my proceeding. Does this look like forgetfulness—like indifference? No, Rosa, I revere you ~~still~~, and believe me, when in the intercourse I have with the world, I find those around me careless and cold, I recall your devoted attachment and considerate conduct, and feel glad to see *one* to redeem mankind from the charge of utter selfishness. I have many anxious moments, and much to engage my attention, yet I trust I do not neglect those higher duties, which ~~are~~ our privilege, and should be our delight. I go to church during the day, as regularly as ever. I never omit my Sabbath school exercises—I read my bible—I close my evening with prayer—I have not mingled with the giddy throng, from whose circles you drew me—passing amusements have no charm for my mind; therefore, hope for me that I have not wandered, and still warn me when you see my footsteps too near the precipice of error.”

“I will, my dear Willis; and it is my daily prayer to Him who alone can keep us from evil, that you may never imbibe the spirit of the world, which is enmity against God. It matters little if you forget *me*; such things are common. But for *His* sake and *your own*, I beseech you not to forget *my precepts*—my advice. *They*, Willis, ~~they~~ *are not a part of myself; they* belong to the word of Truth, from whose pages you may trace them for your-

self. Long after this frail form shall be moldered to its original dust, and I shall be "as though I never yet had been," those precepts will remain, and they will guide you safely over the journey of life, to the haven of rest ! But you look sad ; if I may impart a gleam of consolation, tell me why you are so ? It grieves me to see you sorrowful."

"I am sorrowful, Rosa ; time wears slowly on, and I find no prospect of change in my situation—no hope of my marriage taking place ; and to one who loves as I love, it is misery to be in suspense. Circumstances prevent my enjoying much of *her* society, and it seems as if existence is dragging wearily along in this unsettled way. Something might be done by the interposition of a friend, and perhaps, if you do not deem me unworthy of the trouble, you would speak to her mother for me, and thereby lessen the unhappiness of two suffering hearts. Your representations may do much where mine fail."

"I will attempt it, Willis, and may you find in her you have chosen as the partner of your life, a companion—a comforter."

"You will love her for *my sake*, cousin, and try to lead her in the path of duty."

"Yes ; *your* wife will ever be an object of interest to me, and if she permits it, I will be to her as an affectionate sister."

"God bless you for this, dearest Rosa. I feel you are always the same, my consoler and guide. Forgive all that you blame in me, and love me still." He wrung *her* hand as he spoke, and abruptly left the parlor. Rosa

felt excited, and determined to assist him, if she could, in his difficulties. When reflection resumed its office, she could not help thinking of *his* conduct: after all his neglect, that he should seek *her* assistance, was strange; yet it proved to her how she was estimated. He knew there was no change in her—that he would not in vain solicit her sympathy or aid. This was gratifying, yet it showed plainly that *that* idol *self*, was not dethroned, and she lamented it. When personal gratification was desired, how quickly could he resume his former manner! These things were painful to Rosa, but it did not alter her purpose; and she prepared that very hour to go out upon her friendly mission.

Her intimacy with the family of whom Cameron's chosen was a member, rendered the task less difficult, and she returned home that evening, glad to impart a ray of joy to his anxious bosom. The mother promised to intercede for them when her husband came home, and it rejoiced the affectionate heart of Rosa, to be able to dispatch a little note to cheer his sadness.

It is needless to follow the course of events. A few short months saw Willis Cameron the happy husband of Adela Seymour. Not a cloud seemed to rest upon the brow of either, and Rosa *heard* of their prosperity with satisfaction. We say *heard*, for she saw but little of them. Willis soon forgot the attention he thought it his duty to pay at first, as a token of gratitude for her kindness, and now perfectly absorbed by his domestic felicity, he did not feel the want of *her* society. Rosa, of course, did not pass by the *truth* unobserved or unfelt;

but it did not make her the less willing to do what she could for them, when necessity required it. While she knew them to be untroubled, and in the enjoyment of entire happiness, she did not go a great deal to their house, but occupied herself with those engagements which gave her unmingled satisfaction.

Her thoughts often, very often, wandered far back into the past, and she felt as though that brief but peculiar intercourse, which she had held with her cousin, had been only a dream, so little trace was to be seen of a single circumstance or feeling that once excited a thrilling interest. How frequently she repeated those beautiful lines,

“ How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o’er it, but whose course
Leads down another current, *never more*
To blend with ours ! Yet far within our souls,
Amid the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image !”

Time passed on, calmly to *her*—happily to *them*. Willis had retired from business, and lived in the country, where planting occupied his attention. Three lovely children added to the comfort of his wedded life ; and Rosa heard with satisfaction of their increasing wealth and peace. She also learned they were steadfast in their religious duties, and went hand in hand in the effort to establish around them a pious household.

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Rosa and themselves now never met. The infirmities of her aged parents kept her at home, and the correspondence, which for a short time had been kept up, languished and ceased. Not that Adela Cameron did not admire and respect Miss Montmorenci—she did both; but the full tide of joy at her domestic fireside, left her no room even to wish for others.

"'Tis sad to think how soon from hearts
Which seem to beat for us alone,
As from the fickle wave departs
Each trace of us when we are gone!"

If Rosa had been destitute, or afflicted, or miserable, Willis Cameron would have opened his doors to receive her. Had money been required to render her comfortable, his purse would have been the *first* to have poured its riches into her coffers; had insult assailed her, his arm would have been the most vigorous in defending her; but there are the sympathies—there are attentions, not so great as to catch the public gaze, which are more precious to us than thousands of acts like these. To feel that we are *nothing* where we have been *all in all*; to believe it a matter of indifference whether we receive or not, those quiet returns of appreciated affection, which fall like dew upon the soul, is a bitter thought. * And of these things the Camerons were perfectly negligent. There are some who think to satisfy an affectionate heart by one or two violent and enthusiastic bursts of approval or gratitude, and that afterwards a total abandonment of attention is, to say the least, excusable; but they little

understand the nature of true attachment, who hope thus easily and carelessly to requite favors which sprang from a pure and fervent regard ; or the severity of the disappointment, when we see cold and transient forms substituted for warm and lasting esteem.

Happy in her own resources, Rosa did not need their aid to get onwards in her path of peace. Time, that sweet soother of every woe, had long tranquilized her feelings ; and when she thought of Willis, it was with a regret that she still saw *one* defect in the otherwise perfect picture he presented of a man and a Christian. Why is it that *shadows* must rest upon every scene of brightness ?

“ Oh ! we should cling too close to earth, and love
Too well its pleasures and delights,
Were there no shadows on its scene of light,
No sorrow mingled with its cup of joy.”

Rosa felt *her* experience of the utter instability of temporal attachments had been salutary ; for now she watched very closely her every feeling and emotion, and loved those who crossed her path with a moderated regard, and the more intensely fixed her affections upon *those* objects, in which there is no change—no disappointment—no repulse ? If such are the effects of early trial, the Christian may not mourn over blighted hopes, and vanished joys ! We seldom know what is best for us. Wisdom then bids us to receive *all things* as *good* from Him who appoints, be they adverse or prosperous.

It was on a cold, drizzly day, in December, when even men of business felt reluctant to leave the fireside, that a traveling carriage drove rapidly to the door of Col. Montmorenci's house. The panting horses showed the speed with which they had performed the journey, and the dripping driver shivered as he reined them in. A loud ring at the bell summoned a servant, who in haste entered and delivered a letter to Rosa, upon which was written, "Read quickly." On opening it she found these words, so hurriedly penned they were scarcely legible.

"Dearest Rosa—

My children are all dying of a contagious disease. None of our friends will venture near us, and Adela is almost distracted. Oh! will you not come and bestow your charitable exertions on your afflicted

WILLIS.

Lose no time if you love me."

Rosa immediately determined to go, though her life might be the forfeit. To save her parents from uneasiness, she avoided mentioning the nature of the disorder; and they consented to her departure.

A few moments sufficed for preparation; and in one hour she was on the road to that abode of sorrow, in which she had been almost forgotten of late.

Evening approached as the carriage drove up the long avenue of sombre-looking oaks, that completely excluded the sun when it shone; now it was dark and dismal. The scene around was beautiful; but Rosa had not a

thought to spare from her painful anticipations and reflections. "I am still essential to him in grief," said she, "though he forgets me in joy. Yet I feel it is a privilege to offer the cup of consolation to those we love."

The dim light that surrounded her, the melancholy pattering of the rain; the keen wind whistling through the trees, and the dreary look of the poor horses, all cast a sadness over the heart of Rosa; and one of those presentiments of evil, to which most of us are subject, crept over her in spite of a determination to shake it off. It was not that she felt the least apprehension relative to her own safety. "It is the happiness of true friendship," said she mentally, "to shine like a rainbow—brightest in the storm."

She had sunk back in a deep train of meditation, when the coachman called out that the house was in sight. She leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the neat white building, with its low roof and vine-covered shed, looking like a cottage amidst the luxuriant trees that surrounded it. The river flowed nearly to the foot of the garden, which extended before the piazza, and went sloping down to the bank of the stream. On a bright day, the flowers and shrubs might be lovely; but Winter's icy touch had left little foliage to beautify the spot. Rosa's eye sought the signs of weal or woe, which the house would present. She shuddered as she saw the closed shutters, and outward stillness of all things around, that mark distress within; and she dreaded to find she had come too late to be with her suffering friends when the one great shock met them.

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As she alighted, no footstep approached to bid her welcome—no voice of salutation met her ear. She entered alone. The parlor looked as if it had not been lately the scene of comfort; no fire blazed on the cold, damp hearth—no form moved amidst the chairs that were scattered in confusion. The books and tables were covered with dust, and every thing bespoke desolation. She passed onwards. The door of an adjoining room was almost closed, and within it there was that twilight gloom, so chilling to the nervous. She pushed it open and went in; upon a sofa lay the forms of two lovely children, calm as if in the sleep of infancy, but cold in death! The destroyer had not robbed them of aught but their bloom. He had not yet assailed them with one touch of those awful realities which render death so dreadful to the survivor. Their long curling hair hung upon brows whiter than marble, and the fringed lids scarcely concealed the deep blue of their eyes. Each little hand clasped a rose, as frail and as beautiful as themselves.

“It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch!
A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world! And why,
Blind to the last, need we *death* to tell
That those we love *can* die:”

“To call what answers not our cries—
By that we love to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs;
To see but some cold ringlet slightly stirred,
And in the quenched eye's *fixedness* to gaze,

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All vainly searching for the parted rays.
This is what waits us! *Dead!*—with that chill word
To link our bosom's names! For *this* we pour
Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to adore!

He that sits above
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship; for its close is dim
Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul to him!"

"It is but *dust* we look upon. This love,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back into thy lonely heart;
So must it ever end; too much—too much we give
To things that perish!"—*Hemans*.

Rosa paused and wept. Not for the emancipation of these souls of innocence, from a world of sin and sorrow; but for the anguish of those whose hearts must have been crushed by so severe a blow. She had never seen these infants; they were the youngest—the fairest. Two years divided them in age, and they looked like twin blossoms, plucked from some blooming tree!

She ascended the stairs, still in search of the mourners. In the first chamber she entered, she beheld the expiring countenance of a little girl about five years old. Beside the low couch on which she lay, her broken-hearted father kneeled—his face, pale with anxiety and departing hope, and his dim and tearful eye fixed upon the panting form before him, catching each breath as it left her parched lips. The stricken mother was on a sofa near, receiving the attentions of the kind physician,

who vainly endeavored to recover her from her insensibility.

All was silent in that chamber of death! Too sacred were the emotions of the father, to be disturbed by the lamentations of others. Nothing seemed now to be done for the little sufferer. The nurse was wetting her mouth with water occasionally, while her father held her cold hand in his. So intense was his attention to the child, he did not notice the entrance of Rosa, and she did not withdraw his thoughts from the dying—but went to assist the doctor in his task, and sat quietly by, to watch the now reviving parent. Exhaustion kept her calm; happily she was unconscious of her loss.

A deep groan from Willis Cameron met her ear, and in an instant she was kneeling beside him, laying her hand on his arm.

"Rosa," exclaimed he, "oh! Rosa, have you come? God bless you for this!" He shed tears of heartfelt bitterness; "here," he continued, "here is my last hope; this morning two were snatched from me, and soon I shall be childless; pray for me, my earliest, my best friend." He wept in agony.

Rosa took his trembling hand in her's, raised her mild eyes to Heaven, and said fervently, "Father, not *our* will, but *thine* be done."

These few words fell like oil upon the troubled waters, and Willis was calmed. How often had that same heart dictated, and that same voice pronounced these simple expressions of resignation, in some hour of despondency, and tranquilized his breast. Even then, amid a parent's

anguish, he felt the Christian triumph. He felt God could sanctify the awful visitation. It is in seasons of the *deepest* desolation frequently, that we are able to bow with most submission. Perhaps from the entire conviction, that none but Jehovah can aid us in such extremity. Too long, too confidently we cling alone to *earthly* help, and turn in blindness from *him* who alone can save. But *He* pities us and forgives the error. If he did not, lost indeed would we be in this world of wretchedness.

Long and obstinate was the struggle between life and death in the frame of Cameron's daughter. Rosa never left her pillow that dreary night; the closest attention, under the Providence of God, proved effectual in restoring her to health. Weeks passed on, while she slowly recovered, and Willis Cameron gratefully acknowledged he owed his child to her care.

In the meantime, the others were consigned to the tomb, and Adela Cameron's grief was boundless. With a more chastened sadness, Willis regarded his loss, and strove to lead his wife to those founts of holy consolation which the word of God supplies. Often did the affectionate tone of Rosa pour comfort into her ear, and they both blessed the hour which led her to their dwelling.

Little Isabel recovered, after sinking so low as to be almost beyond the most distant hope of renewed existence; but she was spared, and became of double value to her bereaved parents. She was their all, and Rosa found it requisite to warn them against idolatry.

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Words seemed inadequate to express the grateful feelings of Willis and Adela; they were the more fervent, because she had not hesitated to risk her life for them; and as they thought of the cold selfishness of those who had refused to give their assistance for fear of infection, *her* disinterested kindness shone like a bright star in a region of darkness.

It has been said of *sympathy*, that "it is a *gem* which was left to glitter amid the ruins of the fall." Not more beautiful than true is the remark; for what is more valuable, more prized, among the dreary scenes that throng the road of life, than the sweet tones of this Heaven-born emotion? *Sorrow* half forgets to weep, when *she* is by; and joy wears a brighter smile, when it is reflected by a heart that feels.

Two months had passed before the Camerons would consent to Rosa's departure. She was so kind, so companionable, so affectionate. When she did leave them, it was with regret; but her presence was needed at home.

How often do we carelessly cast aside the friends whom God provides for our improvement and consolation here, from some idle whim or wayward humor; and how frequently, as the changing current of time rolls onwards, are we glad to return to them for the *very blessings they* once offered and *we* rejected. "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not," is a wise counsel. It were well if the advice of some celebrated poets was followed. They seemed to feel the importance and value of friendship. Shakspeare tells us,

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"When thou hast found a friend, grapple him
To thy soul with hooks of steel."

and Dr. Young, whose knowledge of the human heart, in all its windings, was profound, presses upon us the necessity of constancy.

"I shew thee friendship delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die—
Reserve will wound it, and *distrust* destroy!
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself.
Pause—ponder—sift, not eager in the choice,
Not jealous of the chosen; *fixing, fix*.
Judge *before* friendship, then *confide till death*.
Well for thy friend, but nobler far for thee.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
Poor is the *friendless* master of a world;
A *world*, in purchase for a *friend*, is gain,"

Rosa Montmorenci felt these things, and she saw by the manner of Willis Cameron, that *he* felt them too; but he spoke not. She had long known every feeling of his heart. She had learned to read it as a book; and well, well she saw he had many moments of regret and self-reproach. He had not requited her as she deserved; yet she rejoiced to have an opportunity of evincing her Christian principles, by returning good for evil.

With sorrow she perceived the failing health of Adela; the shock of her children's deaths she could not sustain, and Rosa feared it would not be long ere she shared their humble resting-place.

As much time as she could spare from her parents, was devoted to the invalid; and the kindling eye, and flush of pleasure, told her how welcome she was as a companion, during the weariness of sickness.

It was not very long before Rosa was again summoned to the afflicted household of Elder Park. Consumption's rapid strides had invaded the constitution of Willis Cameron's wife. Grief, like a canker, had undermined her health entirely; and after a few months of suffering, she drew towards the close of existence. Rosa Montmorenci—the considerate, gentle, devoted, self-denying Rosa Montmorenci, was a patient watcher by the pillow of the expiring Adela. No one presented her medicine so agreeably—no one fixed her couch so comfortably—no one so cheerfully waited on her night and day.

"Ah, Rosa!" said the invalid, one morning, "how many years of enjoyment have I lost, by not earlier cultivating your society. If you knew the real joy it gives me to see you, hear you, call upon you, you would not wonder at my regret. From you I have never sought sympathy in vain; and oh! eternity will reveal how *you* have brightened my pathway to the tomb! It will gratify you to know you have been instrumental in destroying the fear of death. Once I looked upon the tomb with horror, but now it seems a haven of repose; I view it as the gate through which I must pass, for admittance to Heaven. I have learned to turn from its gloomy terrors, when I thought of it as the dark abode of my cherubs, and to follow their disembodied spirits into the realms of bless-

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edness, where they dwell in glory. Oh, the rapture of a meeting with them in the Paradise of God !”

“ Yes, dearest Adela, rapture will be your’s when you reach that happy place. It is delightful to feel that death is indeed a *friend* to the Christian, for he leads us to joy unspeakable.”

“ Will you read for me Dr. Young’s beautiful lines on death, dear Rosa ? His sublime ideas always elevate my thoughts, and reconcile me to the fate of all of mortal mold. How I bless you for teaching me to love that book !”

Rosa turned over to his eloquent and soothing description of death and life.

“ A good man and an angel ! These between,
 How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?
 Perhaps a *moment*, and perhaps a *year* :
 Or if an *age*, it is a *moment* still.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
 The *soft transition* call it, and be cheered.
Life is much flattered—*death* is much abused.
 Compare the rivals, and the kindest crown.
Life makes the soul dependent upon dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres ;
Death has feigned evils, nature shall not feel ;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun ;
Death but entombs the body ; *life*, the soul.
Life is the triumph of our moldering clay—
Death, of the spirit, infinite—divine !
Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts ;
 Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
 Why start at death ? Where is he ? *Death arrived*
 Is *past*, not come, or gone. He is never here.

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Ere *hope*, sensation fails, black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers* death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm—
These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve;
The terrors of the *living*—not the dead.
Man makes a death which *nature* never made,
And feels a thousand deaths in *fearing one*!"

"Beautiful indeed!" murmured the invalid. "What a privilege to look on the king of terrors undismayed!"

"It is," replied Rosa; "and I endeavor to make it my daily contemplation. Preparing for death does not cause us to die *sooner*, but *better*. Why is it that we are willing to prepare for every event, but that which is of all others the most certain—most important? Young remarks, that

"Men think all men mortal but themselves."

This is the secret of apathy on a subject so momentous. In my opinion, we have never arrived at the summit of true happiness, until we have conquered the fear of death, and can say, "living or dying, we are thine, Jehovah!"

"I feel that resignation, dear Rosa, and although I have ties to earth of the tenderest nature, I can give them all up at *His* command. We have hopes of a certain re-union when we leave these tabernacles of clay. Our anchor is placed on *one* Rock which can never be removed. Oh! we shall all meet, I trust, in that blessed region where there will be no more separation. There,

Rosa, there I will again bless you for all you have done, not only for me, but for my husband—my child. When I am gone, console poor Willis; be to him what you once were, what you have ever been—his guide—his counsellor—his comforter. Do not leave him to the desolation of his own heart. Forgive him all his past neglect—he condemns himself already. And Isabel—but of her I cannot speak. I give her to you. I know you will be all to her, perhaps more than I ever could have been. Fit her for the skies, that when we meet at the bar of judgment, we may be admitted together into the Redeemer's fold. Call Willis: I would have him by me when my eyes close on this scene of sorrow and of tears."

A few hours longer—and a few brief words to her husband, who bent over her in anguish—a hurried farewell to Isabel—an expressive grasp of the hand to Rosa, as she placed her daughter in her arms—and the gentle spirit of Adela Cameron had left this earthly vale, to realize the glories of that unseen world, which, with the eye of faith, she long had contemplated.

We draw a veil over the heart-subduing grief of her attached household. Willis Cameron's countenance bore the marks of a deep, though resigned affliction. He had lost the wife of his youth—the object of his earliest love—the one cherished companion, whose image had brightened every picture his imagination painted of joy or happiness. The spell was over. He had never loved any other. He could never love again! Life to him was to wear a different aspect. He was to prepare for

his summons to the same dreary "house appointed for all living," and for a meeting with her in her new "habitation not made with hands." His dream of existence was dispelled by an awful reality!

Among his numerous relatives and friends, he saw none who could so well supply the place of a mother to his little Isabel, as the friend of his youthful days. To her he consigned her, and she did not neglect the trust. Isabel Cameron's walk through life was, from choice, far removed from the busy haunts of dissipation and frivolity. Intellectual and devotional pursuits divided her time; and her father's house was gladdened by her presence, and his age consoled by the holy conduct and conversation of Rosa Montmorenci's pupil. Long after Rosa had found her reward for a life of piety, in the mansions of the blest, her precepts and her example were remembered, and held up for the instruction and imitation of the pilgrim, as he traveled over this world to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Willis Cameron often felt the deepest regret at the many pangs he had inflicted upon the sensitive heart of his generous cousin; and in the last hours of her mortal career, when none were by to hear, he had entreated her forgiveness, and received the assurance of her perfect freedom from displeasure. "I die at peace with all," were the last intelligible words that met the ear of her afflicted relatives, as they hung over her to catch the faintest sound which proceeded from her lips. "I die at peace with all, and in the full hope of acceptance with

Him whom I have worshiped as my Savior and my God."

Is it requisite to trace out a moral in the simple narrative before us? No!—Surely it speaks in every line. Would we secure a happy death? Let us live a life of holiness. Would we rise superior to the ills of this transitory scene? Let us devote ourselves to useful and self-denying pursuits. Would we prove our Christian profession to be sincere? Let us return good for evil—let us show kindness, and mercy, and tenderness, and forbearance, to those who have wounded and neglected us. Would we avoid regrets which poison our joy? Let us prize the blessings of Providence, and not cast aside the friends he gives us, to render a life of trial less sorrowful and less oppressive. Would we benefit our fellow-creatures? Let us study the word of truth, and impart its rich treasures to all who come within our influence. Would we be a consolation to the living—a comfort to the dying? Let us follow the example of Rosa Montmorenci. Would we die at peace with all, and in the certain expectation of eternal happiness? Let us, like her, "go about doing good,"—let us *live* like her, in *charity* and *faith*. Would we obtain a hope of inheriting the bliss of Heaven, as she did? Let us turn from the things of time, and realizing the *instability* of *earthly attachments*, fix our affections on those objects that are as *unchangeable* as they are *immortal*!

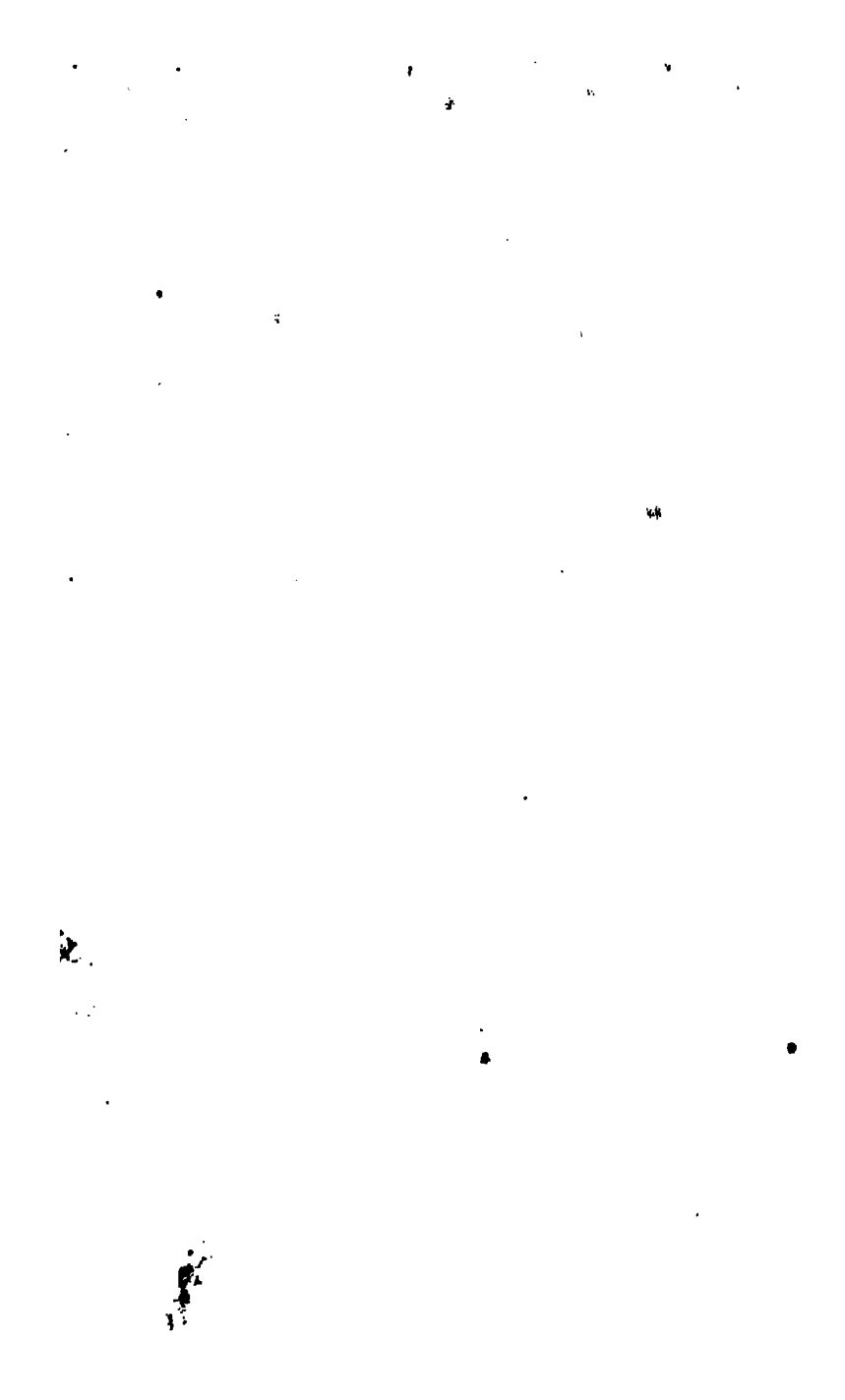
Would we escape the pangs of self-reproach, for ingratitude to those who have loved us? Let us live *less*

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for *our own* gratification, and *more* for the comfort of others,—let us remember that those who are willing to alleviate our woe, deserve to share our joy.

Actuated by these exalted feelings, we shall, as Christians, reflect in our souls the spotless image of *Him* who lived not, suffered not, died not for *himself*!

“No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself.”



LOSS OF FRIENDS.

"Years have flitted since then, but in sorrow and sadness—
As I muse on the hopes that once promis'd so fair,
I ask where, and oh where, are those visions of gladness?
And my bosom's deep call echoes, "where and oh where?"

"He builds for happiness too low, who builds *beneath the stars*."

"And who are our city belles, Avoncourt?" said Harley, as arm in arm he walked with his friend through the crowded and fashionable street of his city. "I have been so long absent, that I scarcely know the ladies who now fill our drawing-rooms. Some who were mere girls when I went to college, are, I suppose, the stars of society. Remember, I rely upon you to introduce me. I am so very modest that I require a patron."

"There are several beautiful women in company at present, and you must prepare to lose your heart, (if you brought it back from Yale,) the very first time our galaxy meets your eye. Look into this old fashioned carriage that is about to pass us, and see what you think of its passengers; but take care of the *heart*; you recollect you have sworn stoutly against "love at first sight."

"Harley laid his hand upon his friend's arm, and exclaimed, "Avoncourt, who are those ladies? they are exquisitely lovely. Oh, what an angelic countenance the one on this side has."

"Those are my cousins, Harley; and without vanity, I do pronounce them the handsomest girls in town. I feel half inclined to make one of them mine in reality."

"Your cousins! why how I envy you your cousins! but you will introduce me, will you not? Do, Avoncourt, if you have any charity."

Avoncourt laughed; "certainly, certainly; you seem infatuated; beware of "love at first sight."

"Oh, don't talk to me of that. I do not care if it was the case, in fact. I cannot exist without an introduction; so when will you effect it?"

"The girls are to dine with us to-morrow, and if you will join us in the evening, we will manage to make you acquainted, and then, Harley, then"—

"You are my friend for life," exclaimed Harley, grasping the hand of his amused friend—"actually for life, if she becomes mine through your kindness."

Harley felt restless and impatient that night, and slept only to dream of the bright being he had seen for a brief moment; and he wondered the next day wore so slowly on.

Gertrude Devereux was indeed a fit subject for a poet's dream. Loveliness in its most attractive form was her's, and yet her features bore not the stamp of regularity, neither was her figure perfect; but an air of archness played so much about lip, and eye, and tone, that she irresistibly fascinated. Her complexion was like the purest ivory, with a rich color upon her cheek, that ever varied as emotion influenced her; her full blue eye revealed, by its softness of mischief, her every thought.

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Her shining chesnut hair fell in carelessness over a brow whiter than marble, and often escaping from its confinement, hung in loose ringlets on a finely turned throat. There was an air of girlishness about her—an innocent playfulness, mingled with a tenderness of manner, that won the affection and admiration of all who knew her. She was the pet and plaything in the family, even after she entered womanhood. She was the youngest, the fairest, and seemed *intended* to occupy the *exact* place she did at home.

“Who was that elegant young man, Avoncourt, with whom you walked yesterday?” asked she, as soon as she arrived at her uncle’s to dinner.” Now you must tell me, for I have done nothing but dream of him the whole night, and I am resolved to become acquainted with him, fairly or by stratagem; on that I am determined, for he far surpasses any of the beaux you have presented to my notice these six months.”

“You shall be gratified this very evening, Gertrude; and do you see now and behave your best. There is no knowing what may happen if you do; and he is not one to be carelessly lost. I intend he shall take tea here, and not till then will I tell his name. So dress in your most tasteful style, and practice your most approved songs; you know music may “soften rocks,” and hearts are not adamant.”

“My life on it I make a conquest,” rejoined the lively Gertrude, as she flew to the piano and commenced rattling over,

“I have a heart, a little heart—that beats for I know who.”

In the afternoon, Gertrude amused her companions by her whimsical^e conduct respecting her dress. "I cannot wear this pink shawl; I look like a fright in it—and this yellow makes me a real creole. Don't hand me that white scarf, Annette, for I would as lief put on a shroud at once. It is hard I am so unusually difficult to please; girls, what can be the reason?"

"You expect some extraordinary person, dear Gertrude," remarked Evelyn, her cousin; "this is the secret. Now true blue is a favorite color for lovers; suppose, as you intend to make a conquest, you put on this handkerchief; there, I am sure you look captivating; none can resist you. Here, let me tie aside this stray curl with "a bunch of bonny blue ribbon;" now you are completely armed and equipped."

"Yes, that will do, at last," said Gertrude. "I hope, after all my trouble, I shall be able to do some execution."

The ladies were seated in a cheerful circle in the drawing-room, listening to the giddy talk of Gertrude and a younger cousin, who was equally lively, as they gaily discussed the fashionable news of the day, when Avoncourt entered with the long expected Harley. In spite of herself, Gertrude felt a little fluttering of the heart as he approached and was presented. She discovered he was not some foreigner who had never before been in her native city; but one whom, as a boy, she had often seen with her brothers, but who had grown up with an abundant supply of grace and elegance, polish and intelligence. She did not like him the less for being

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her countryman; and ere the evening closed, they were both pretty well infected with *la belle passion*.

Edwin Harley's was an almost perfect face. His ~~fine~~ complexion, sparkling blue eyes, which seemed almost to dance with joy, his transcendently white teeth and beautiful smile, formed a countenance fit for a model of manly beauty; and it was no wonder that a girl of seventeen should admire and "fall in love at first sight."

I have always had much scepticism on this subject; but "facts are stubborn things," and so it was in the case before us; that very evening sealed the destinies of Harley and Gertrude.

A few weeks of devoted attention on his part, ended in an engagement, with the sanction of all her and his friends; but her extreme youth prevented an immediate union. To please her father, the wedding was deferred until she attained her eighteenth year. Then, radiant with health and happiness, she became the bride of Edwin Harley. Time flew joyously on. She was beloved at home, caressed abroad, and a long life of ease and pleasure seemed to be her allotted portion. Why should change come ~~there~~ to rob ~~them~~ of an instant's bliss? During five years, three beautiful children blessed their lot, and nothing, nothing appeared wanting to complete their felicity.

"Susan looks very pale, Edwin," remarked Gertrude one morning late in October; "I think she must be sick, and she refuses all food; I feel anxious, she is so robust."

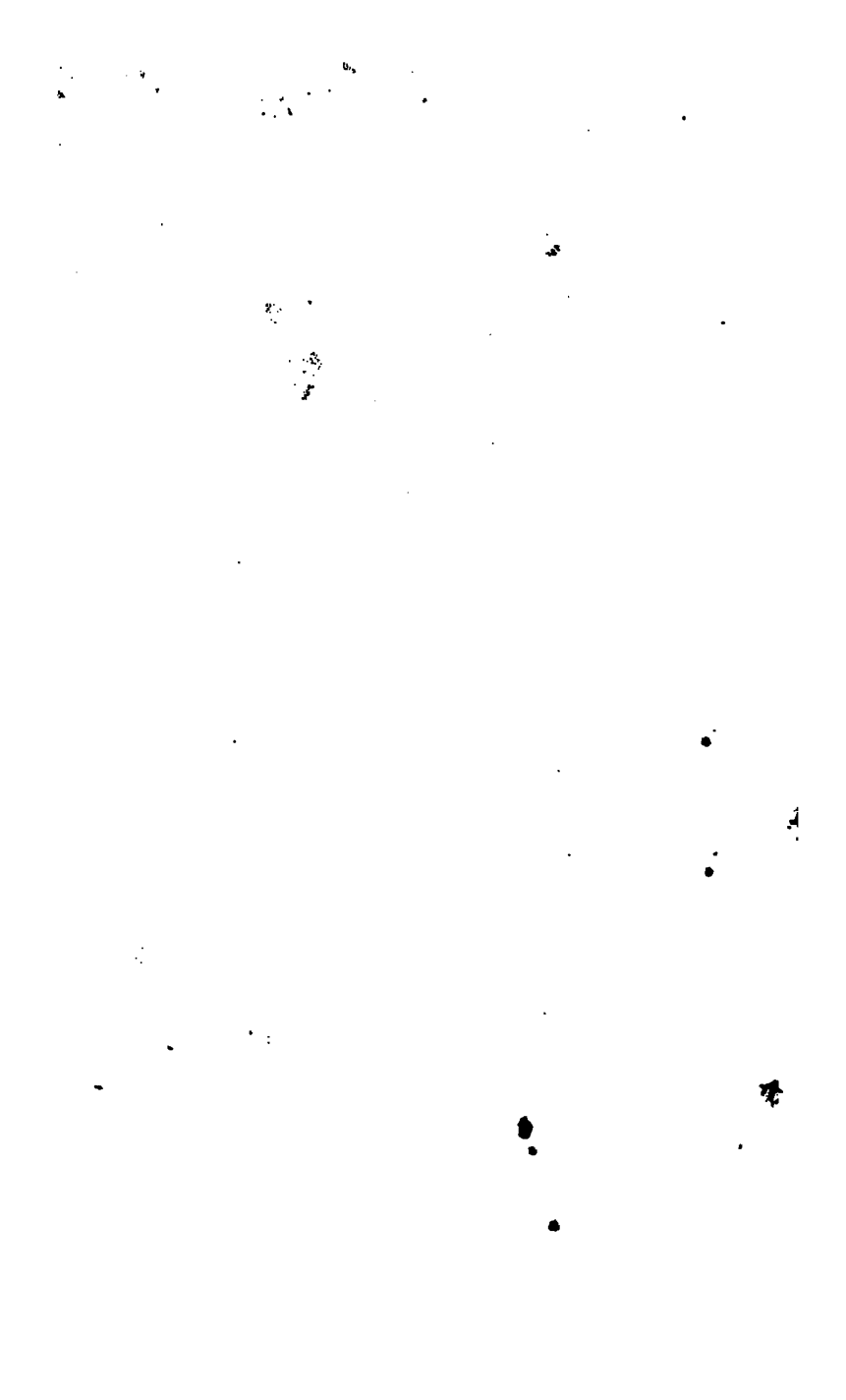
"You are too easily alarmed, Gertrude; nothing is the matter with her. Give her a little medicine and she will soon be well."

Before the evening closed there was only too much cause for alarm, and the next day the child was lying a corpse. Still there was another daughter on whom to fix her hopes; she was only three weeks old, but soon would be an object of interest, and supply the place of her lost one. Alas! the funeral hymn of the first had scarcely ceased to echo along the walls of the sanctuary, ere this tender blossom was transplanted from its mother's side to the cold and silent tomb. Bowed down with affliction, Gertrude looked like some crushed flower; yet religion's voice had been heard, and she received unmurmuringly the severe visitation. But grief shattered an already frail constitution, and she, in two months, slept beside her babes. The distracted husband and bereaved father, clung to his last hope, a fine boy of four years—his eldest born; but, strange are the decrees of Providence! he drooped, and faded, and died, and was consigned to the same dismal abode where the others rested. Thus, in less than three months, Harley had seen every domestic tie rudely snapped asunder, and he felt a forlorn, disconsolate being on the world's wide stage. No pious hope sustained him; no ray of comfort was shed over the darkness and desolation of his path. He could not turn to Heaven and claim the believer's promises. Oh, no! he flew to the *world* for relief; but the cold world gave him no consolation. He sought in society for forgetfulness, but in the crowded hall he was alone. The *heart* found nothing to soothe, nothing to cheer, and he returned to his lonely home more wretched than he was when he left it. Oh, if religion be not necessary in our

days of sunshine, surely our days of darkness require its aid; and in an existence made up as our's is, of more woe than bliss, is it not wise to secure its holy influence "before the evil days come, in which we shall say, I have no pleasure in them?"

Such is the close of this brilliant picture of youthful wedded happiness. It is not the romance of a vivid imagination; *truth* is its basis. How often, if we would only search for them, might fiction be shamed by the "Realities of Life."

END.



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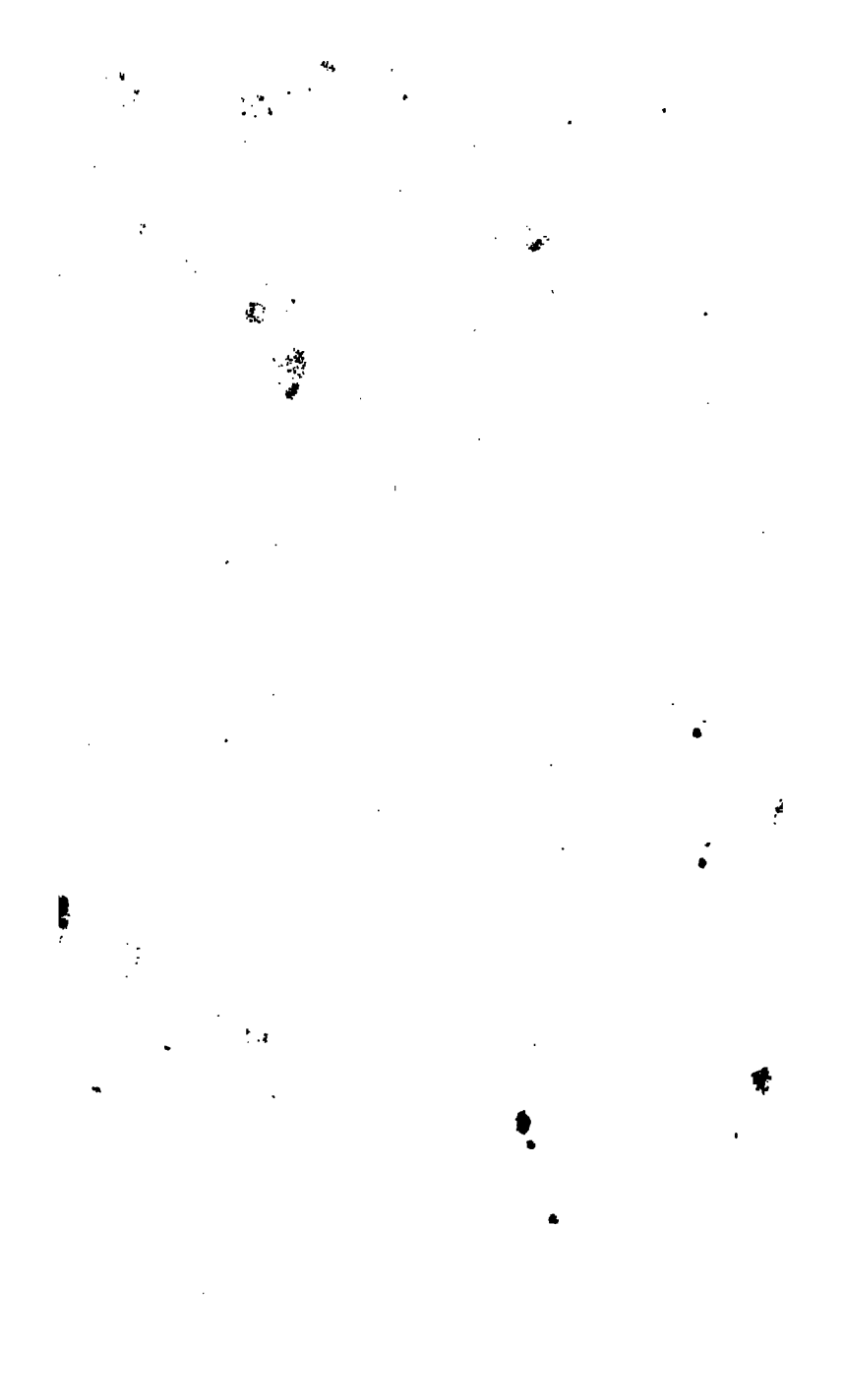
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The leading object of this work is to render the great principles of Natural Philosophy intelligible to young learners, and to the general reader; and to explain the applications of those principles to the arts, and to the phenomena of nature. Its *practical* character makes it peculiarly valuable to mechanics and artists, who require such an exposition of the laws of nature as may avail them in their business; while the numerous illustrations with which it abounds, derived both from nature and art, make it equally adapted to inspire a taste for philosophical study and observation.

The following *Recommendations*, obligingly communicated, without solicitation, to the author, attest the estimation in which the work is held by the most eminent judges,

From the Hon. Simeon DeWitt, late Surveyor General of the state of New York, and Chancellor of the University.

PROF. D. OL MSTED.

Dear Sir,—I some time ago received your *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*, for which I take this opportunity of making my thankful acknowledgments. I consider it as one of the best treatises of the kind for the instruction of those who have not had a mathematical education, and as an excellent Text Book for those who study Natural Philosophy with the help of mathematical demonstrations.

Respectfully your obedient serv't,

S. DEWITT.

From Mr. E. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.

Dear Sir,—Some months since I received a copy of your *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*, which I have examined very carefully, and with great pleasure. The want of a good treatise on this subject,—a treatise suitable to be used in Academies and High Schools, has long been felt by teachers; and it appears to me that you have prepared precisely such a work as was wanted. I am gratified that I can furnish my pupils with so valuable a text book in this interesting department of education.

Very respectfully your friend, &c.

E. BAILEY.

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(*Extract.*) "Your *Compendium* I have introduced into the Academy, and have now used it two terms, with the conviction that it is superior to any similar work that I have ever seen. All those who have studied it here, have been highly pleased with it. I have taken special pains to recommend it to the teachers of several academies, some of whom have already expressed their determination to introduce it into their schools. I have no doubt that it will be very popular when it is extensively known."

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From Hawley Olmsted, Esq., Preceptor of the Latin School, Wilton, (Conn.)

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the "Compendium of Natural Philosophy." It is incomparably superior to any thing of the kind within my knowledge. I shall introduce it, without delay, into this Academy. It is truly interesting to mark the progress of the science within the last twenty years. I find much that is new to myself, and think that the work can hardly fail to be acceptable to the general reader. Proceed and give us a similar work on Astronomy, and I confidently believe that a liberal and intelligent public will not be slow to appreciate and reward labor so happily adapted to subserve the cause of education and general improvement.

With great respect and esteem,

Yours very truly,

H. OLMSTED.

From the New Haven Daily Herald.

Olmsted's Compendium, or School Philosophy.—S. Babcock has recently published a new and improved edition of Professor Olmsted's *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*. Probably no work extant contains, in so small and cheap a form, so many principles of Natural Philosophy, adapted to the wants of the mechanic and practical man. The laws of nature are explained with much perspicuity and simplicity, and a great variety of cases are solved, calculated to be exceedingly useful to every mechanic, in his daily business. The young mechanic will derive much more benefit from studying this book with the aid of the numerous cuts and diagrams with which it abounds, than from attending popular lectures on this subject; or rather, a previous acquaintance with this work, will qualify him to derive the full benefit of experimental lectures.

Among other practical matters explained and elucidated in this work, it treats of the principles of machinery; of water works; of the steam engine; of the construction of chimnies and fire places; of lightning rods; of the compass needle, and of the telescope. Even to gentlemen of education, this work may be strongly recommended as a manual of the latest and most important results of natural philosophy.

In the *Report of the Regents of the University of the state of New York*, it is also mentioned as one of the text books in Natural Philosophy, which they particularly recommend to teachers of academies.

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B. SILLIMAN, Prof. of Chemistry, &c.

NATH. W. TAYLOR, Prof. of Didactic Theology.

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DEAR SIR,—I have examined the "U. S. Speaker," and consider it *superior to any book of the kind.* I shall at once make it a permanent class-book in my school.

I remain very respectfully, yours,

Mr. Lovell.

FORREST SHEPHERD.

From Mr. J. N. Palmer, Principal of the New Haven "Practical, Mathematical, and Classical Seminary."

DEAR SIR,—I find the "U. S. Speaker" *just the work I have long desired*. I have purchased book after book for my Elocution classes, and then with copying and all, experienced a great deal of trouble in making a proper selection of pieces. *Your work removes the difficulty*. I find in it all that I ever did want or probably ever shall, and it is with pleasure that I anticipate its use in my Seminary.

Mr. Lovell.

Yours, &c.

J. N. PALMER.

From Mr. G. A. DeWitt, late Principal of Providence High School.

DEAR SIR,—I have examined with much satisfaction, the "United States Speaker," which you were so polite as to send me, a day or two since; and I can with perfect sincerity say, that *I am better pleased with it than any book of the kind that has ever come under my notice*. That you should produce a work better adapted than any other to the wants of schools, was to be expected. You have devoted your time and talents to the subject of Elocution, and successfully infused your spirit into the youth committed to your care. Your friends, therefore, would have been disappointed, had this compilation been an inappropriate one. A *practical* acquaintance with the real wants of schools, in this particular, is absolutely essential to complete success in preparing such a work for publication. What would be very proper for young men, would not, as a matter of course, be equally so for boys. You were aware of this fact, and have met both points of the difficulty.

It appears to me, sir, that the teachers who will examine the "Speaker," and especially those who will introduce it into their schools, will bear me out in saying that *this is precisely the book needed*.

There is one circumstance, in connection with your book, which it may not be improper to mention here.—I find it a very *difficult* book—to *examine, in a short time*—for, the moment I open it, to give it a cursory perusal, I find myself so deeply interested in it, that I cannot lay it down, without doing violence to my inclinations. How great a *fault* this is, I will leave for others to judge.

Mr. Lovell.

Respectfully yours, &c.

G. A. DEWITT.

From Mr. D. P. Bacon, late associate Principal of the N. York High School.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for your polite attention in sending me a copy of your very acceptable volume of Exercises in Elocution. I have examined it with pleasure. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it *by far the best collection of Exercises* for the purpose intended, which I have seen.

Respectfully yours,

Mr. J. E. Lovell.

DANIEL P. BACON.

From Mr. W. Russell, Germantown, Penn., an accomplished Teacher of Elocution, and Editor of the First Series of the Am. Jour. of Education.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the acceptable present of a copy of your Speaker. It forms one of the best selections that I have seen. It comprises nearly all the favorite pieces of merit, and furnishes some which, though less generally in practice, will now be accessible in a very convenient and agreeable form. *Your work will be extensively introduced—I feel assured,—in all Seminaries in which Elocution is a subject of due attention.*

I am, dear sir, yours with esteem,

WM. RUSSELL

From the Rev. S. M. Worcester, Prof. of Oratory, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIR—I have examined the "U. S. Speaker," and have been much gratified with the Selections. *It is decidedly the best work of the kind with which I am acquainted.*

The above is a candid expression of my sentiments. I have been specially pleased with your Prose Extracts. *These are admirable.* The "Second Part" has many beautiful specimens of Poetry. Your "Third Part" appears to me *well adapted to its purpose.* I am fully persuaded that the speaking of Dialogues is of great service, in exciting interest in the whole business of oratory, and in forming the style of *naturalness* in elocution and action, which never fails of success.

With very pleasant recollections of the past, and cordial good wishes for the future,

Yours,

S. M. WORCESTER.

From the Columbian Register, New Haven, Conn.

New School Book.—We have just seen, from the press of Mr. S. Babcock, in this city, a valuable work, entitled "The United States Speaker," by J. E. Lovell, the accomplished and indefatigable instructor in our Lancasterian School. This book contains 500 large duodecimo pages, elegantly printed. This is a new work in the Elocution department, designed for the use of Colleges and Schools, and contains a great variety of plates, representing the various positions of gesture necessarily connected with the finished speaker and orator. From the character and attainments of the author, we have no doubt that *this is the most valuable work of the kind which has yet been offered to the American public.*

From the Episcopal Watchman, Hartford, Conn.

The United States Speaker.—We have devoted as much time to the examination of this book as our various engagements would permit, and believe that, in its publication, Mr. Lovell has done essential service to the cause of education. *It is the best book of the kind with which we are acquainted,* and wherever it may be introduced, it will be found, we think, to be not only interesting, but *useful.* The *plates* will be an assistance both to the pupil and the teacher. We hope that its rapid sale will show that the labors of Mr. Lovell to promote good reading and speaking are duly estimated.

LOVELL'S YOUNG PUPIL'S FIRST BOOK: an easy introduction to Reading; comprising Exercises in the Alphabet, on a new plan, and a variety of progressive lessons, in words of one syllable. Beautifully embellished, and adapted to the capacities of children.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, Professor of Rhetoric, &c., Yale College.

From a cursory examination of Mr. Lovell's "Young Pupil's First Book," I am satisfied the plan and execution of the work are excellently adapted to the end in view. The idea of leading forward the beginner through successive exercises in reading, on words of one syllable, in a course of stories, is not new; but I have never seen it carried into effect in so systematic a manner, or on so broad a scale. The mechanical execution of the work is uncommonly good, and will *amply repay* the purchaser for the necessary enhancement of its price.

CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH.

We concur in the above recommendation.

JEREMIAH DAY, President of Yale College.

J. L. KINGSLEY, Esq., Prof. of Languages.

B. SILLIMAN, Prof. of Chemistry, &c.

NATH. W. TAYLOR, Prof. of Didactic Theology.

From the Rev. Eleazer T. Fitch, Professor of Divinity, Yale College.

Lovell's "Young Pupil's First Book," deservedly claims the place which its name imports. I know of no work so happily executed for conducting the child through his first exercises in spelling and reading. The reading lessons contain instructive and useful stories, told entirely in monosyllabic words, the *easiest, most intelligible, and attractive* reading, which can be presented to the young beginner.

The fine typographical execution of the work—the clean white sheet, the large fair letter, with the beautiful illustrative cuts,—highly enhance the value of the work to the child; who, like the traveler, performs his daily toil with great facility and delight, when favored with clear views and with scenes that please the eye.

ELEAZER T. FITCH.

From J. N. Palmer, Esq., Principal of the New Haven "Practical, Mathematical, and Classical Seminary"

MR. LOVELL, Dear Sir,—Your note accompanied with "The Young Pupil's First Book," was very gratefully received: a copy of your work had, however, been put into my hands by a Teacher some days before. On examination, I was so well convinced of its merits, that I immediately commenced the use of it with my own child, and I am fully satisfied that she has made more positive improvement during the past week, with much less trouble, than she would have done in four weeks, from any other book with which I am acquainted. In my early life I was engaged more than eight years constantly in the instruction of small children, in which time I used with various success a great variety of works designed for their capacities, but have never seen any that so entirely meets my approbation, as "The Young Pupil's First Book."

Yours, most respectfully,

JAMES N. PALMER.

From the Visiting Committee of the First School Society, New Haven.

The "Young Pupil's First Book," published by Mr. John E. Lovell, of this city, has been submitted to us for examination. From inspection, as well as from the high recommendations of it by the first literary gentlemen of our country, we can cheerfully say, that, in our opinion, it is a work better calculated for the young pupil than any of the kind with which we have been acquainted. Several important points seem to have been aimed at by the author. To enumerate them all is not our present object. Among the number are, to furnish a set of *entertaining and instructive* lessons, exclusively in *one syllable*. This, we believe to be a very useful plan. To give *copiousness* to each department of the book, so as to furnish the pupil with *amusement and actual satisfaction* in his studies;—to present the whole in a *bold type, well spaced*, so as to leave a clear and distinct impression on the memory;—a smooth and almost imperceptible stage of *progression*;—an arrangement of the alphabet on an *entirely new*, and it is believed, improved plan, calculated to secure the advancement of the pupil; the discarding of the *useless syllabic form*, and the adapting the whole work to the *mental* rather than to the *mechanical* capacities of the pupil. The embellishments, by appropriate plates, also add greatly to the interest, and tend to facilitate the progress of the young.

And, what is of primary importance in every department of learning, the *inculcating of sound moral principles*. For a more full development of the author's views, and of the advantages which his little work has over others, we need only refer to his preface. In conclusion, we take the liberty to recommend this work to the Schools throughout our Society, and to the public, as an additional favor bestowed upon them by the author of the "United States Speaker."

JAMES C. PARKER.
SILAS MIX.
P. H. CONE.

AMMI HARRISON Jr.
JOSEPH BARBER.
ELISHA DICKERMAN, Jr.

This work is also very highly recommended by the Rev. L. Bacon, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, in New Haven; the Rev. H. Crosswell, Rector Trinity Church, New Haven; A. N. Skinner, Principal of the Avenue Classical School, New Haven; S. French, Principal of the Collegiate and Commercial School, New Haven; S. A. Thomas, Principal of the Wooster-street School, New Haven; Rev. J. Hurlbut, New London; Charles Avery, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, &c., Hamilton College, New York; Simeon Hart, Jr., Principal Family School, Farmington; by the Editor of the Scientific Tracts, Boston; and by many other distinguished literary gentlemen, teachers, &c.

LOVELL'S YOUNG PUPIL'S SECOND BOOK: comprising a great variety of interesting lessons, on subjects calculated to improve the head and heart, and to inform and develop the powers of the juvenile mind; the Emphasis and Inflections of the Voice being appropriately marked, with a view to promote a correct and tasteful style of Reading. The whole progressively arranged, and beautifully illustrated by simple and compound cuts.

OLMSTED'S SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY: or a Compendium of Natural Philosophy, adapted to the use of the general reader, and to Schools and Academies. Third edition, revised and improved.

The leading object of this work is to render the great principles of Natural Philosophy intelligible to young learners, and to the general reader; and to explain the applications of those principles to the arts, and to the phenomena of nature. Its *practical* character makes it peculiarly valuable to mechanics and artists, who require such an exposition of the laws of nature as may avail them in their business; while the numerous illustrations with which it abounds, derived both from nature and art, make it equally adapted to inspire a taste for philosophical study and observation.

The following *Recommendations*, obligingly communicated, without solicitation, to the author, attest the estimation in which the work is held by the most eminent judges.

From the Hon. Simeon DeWitt, late Surveyor General of the state of New York, and Chancellor of the University.

Dear Sir.—I some time ago received your *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*, for which I take this opportunity of making my thankful ac-

knowledgments. I consider it as one of the best treatises of the kind for the instruction of those who have not had a mathematical education, and as an excellent Text Book for those who study Natural Philosophy with the help of mathematical demonstrations.

Respectfully your obedient serv't,

S. DEWITT.

From Mr. E. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.

Dear Sir,—Some months since I received a copy of your *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*, which I have examined very carefully, and with great pleasure. The want of a good treatise on this subject,—a treatise suitable to be used in Academies and High Schools, has long been felt by teachers; and it appears to me that you have prepared precisely such a work as was wanted. I am gratified that I can furnish my pupils with so valuable a text book in this interesting department of education.

Very respectfully your friend, &c.

PROF. D. OLMSTED.

E. BAILEY.

From Mr. Amos Chesebrough, Principul of the Westfield Academy, (Mass.)

(Extract.) "Your *Compendium* I have introduced into the Academy, and have now used it two terms, with the conviction that it is superior to any similar work that I have ever seen. All those who have studied it here, have been highly pleased with it. I have taken special pains to recommend it to the teachers of several academies, some of whom have already expressed their determination to introduce it into their schools. I have no doubt that it will be very popular when it is extensively known."

From Professor E. A. Andrews, of Boston, Author of *Latin Grammar*, *Latin Reader*; &c. &c.

"I am glad that you are about to give your *Compendium* in a cheaper form, for the use of schools. There is no work that I have seen, that compares with it, for common use; and I have no doubt that when, in consequence of its altered form and price, it shall be better adapted to the views of those who conduct such institutions, it will acquire that general popularity which it so well deserves."

From the Rev. S. Center, of the Albany High School.

I have introduced the *Compendium* into my school, and caused it to be introduced into two others. I assure you that it meets with a welcome reception from those who have examined it. We like the work for its practical character. Its illustrations are happy, its facts numerous, and its explanations of common phenomena, are to a great extent new and interesting. The arithmetical problems which accompany the statements and illustrations, are, in my opinion, a valuable feature in the work."

From Hawley Olmsted, Esq., Preceptor of the Latin School, Wilton, (Conn.) now Preceptor of the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the "*Compendium of Natural Philosophy*." It is incomparably superior to any thing of the kind within my knowledge. I shall introduce it, without delay, into this Academy. It is truly interesting to mark the progress of the science within the last twenty years. I find much that is new to myself, and think that the work can hardly fail to be acceptable to the general reader. Proceed and give us a similar work on Astronomy, and I confidently believe that a liberal and intelligent public will not be slow to appreciate and reward labor so happily adapted to subserve the cause of education and general improvement.

With great respect and esteem,

Yours very truly,

H. OLMSTED.

From Thomas Douglass, A. M., Preceptor of the Union School, New London; (Conn.)

I have examined Olmsted's *School Philosophy*, and am very much pleased with it. I think it excels any book of the kind with which I am acquainted, in every respect. I have been gratified to observe that most of its numerous and happy illustrations of principles, are derived from facts and occurrences in common life, which, of course, are familiar to all classes. This gives it an eminently *practical character*, and at the same time makes it a very *interesting book*. I am also much pleased with the questions and problems at the close of several of the chapters. I believe it contains a greater number of these than any other book of the kind, and yet I could wish it were still greater. It is my opinion, that nothing adds more to the value of any mathematical text book designed for schools, than a copious list of appropriate questions and problems. These exercise the ingenuity of the pupil, and impress principles more firmly upon his memory. My experience as an instructor, has convinced me that most of our text books are sadly deficient in this respect.

From the New Haven Daily Herald.

Olmsted's Compendium, or School Philosophy.—S: Babcock has recently published a new and improved edition of Professor Olmsted's *Compendium of Natural Philosophy*. Probably no work extant contains, in so small and cheap a form, so many principles of Natural Philosophy, adapted to the wants of the mechanic and practical man. The laws of nature are explained with much perspicuity and simplicity, and a great variety of cases are solved, calculated to be exceedingly useful to every mechanic, in his daily business. The young mechanic will derive much more benefit from studying this book with the aid of the numerous cuts and diagrams with which it abounds, than from attending popular lectures on this subject; or rather, a previous acquaintance with this work, will qualify him to derive the full benefit of experimental lectures.

Among other practical matters explained and elucidated in this work, it treats of the principles of machinery; of water works; of the steam engine; of the construction of chimnies and fire places; of lightning rods; of the compass needle, and of the telescope. Even to gentlemen of education, this work may be strongly recommended as a manual of the latest and most important results of natural philosophy.

In the *Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York*, it is also mentioned as one of the text books in Natural Philosophy, which they particularly recommend to teachers of academies.

THE STUDENT'S COMMON PLACE BOOK; by Professor Olmsted: on a new plan; uniting the advantages of a Note Book and Universal Reference Book; adapted alike to the college student, and to the professional man.

SCHOOL TESTAMENT. 18mo.

DILWORTH'S SPELLING BOOK: a New Guide to the English Tongue.

WEBSTER'S ELEMENTARY SPELLING BOOK :
good edition, in substantial binding.

WEBSTER'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES :
to which is prefixed a brief historical account of our [English] ancestors, from the dispersion at Babel, to their migration to America, and of the conquest of South America, by the Spaniards.

From the Middlesex Gazette.

"It is pleasing, amidst the redundancy of elementary compilations, to meet with one which is written by a man of learning and experience, who is thoroughly master of his subject, and well acquainted with the wants of those for whom his work is principally intended. Such appears to be the *History of the United States*, published by Dr. Webster.

Nothing that can be here said will be likely to add to the reputation of the learned and venerable compiler. This literary veteran has unquestionably done more to raise and establish the reputation of our country in philological learning, than all our writers besides. He is also the man, to whom the public is under immense obligation, from his being the first to set about in earnest to improve the elementary books which are not only necessary in schools, but adapted to instruct our youth in general. He it is, who gave the first impulse to that improved plan of elementary education, which has made such surprising progress since the termination of our revolution.

The present work is perfectly adapted to the object of the author. It contains a lucid but succinct account of all the most interesting events of the U. States, arranged in perspicuous method, and described with candor and impartiality.

[The author lived during the Revolution, and he has related some facts of which he was an eye witness; facts not mentioned in any other history.]

It is a work adapted to the higher classes of schools, to youth who are acquiring a taste for history, and to the man of business, who has not time to examine larger treatises. On account of the various kinds of miscellaneous information and moral instruction, which are interspersed through the volume, it is peculiarly fitted to become a family book, and to make a portion of the amusing and instructive reading of the domestic circle, during the long winter evenings of our northern climate.

T. M."

Extract from the New York Evangelist.

"This little volume presents the results of the author's extensive and familiar acquaintance with the ancient history of nations, as well as of his observing habits, in regard to the passing events of his own times. It is different from all other histories, and will open to our most intelligent youths a field of historical information absolutely new. The whole is kept in strict subservience to the interest of religion and virtue."

We consider Dr. Webster as eminently qualified to prepare a work of this kind. His extensive acquaintance with the early history of nations, and especially of our own—the result of fifty years investigation, is the best pledge for the *accuracy* of his statements; while the personal knowledge of the events of our revolution and the establishment of our government, gives a *freshness and interest* to his narrative, which are rarely if

ever found in the pages of a mere compiler. We therefore cordially recommend this work, as adapted to general use in families and schools."

JEREMIAH DAY, President of Yale College.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Prof. Chemistry Mineralogy, &c.

C. A. GOODRICH, Prof. Rhetoric and Oratory.

J. L. KINGSLEY, Prof. of Latin Language and Literature.

N. W. TAYLOR, Prof. Didactic Theology.

LEONARD BACON, Pastor 1st Congregational Church, N. H.

E. A. ANDREWS, Principal N. H. Female Institute,

C. A. BOARDMAN, Pastor 3d Congregational Church, N. H.

We fully concur with Dr. Day, and others, in the opinion which they have expressed, of the History of the United States, by Dr. Webster; and add our cordial recommendation of the work, as happily calculated to interest and benefit the youth of our country.

JOSHUA BATES, President of Middlebury College.

JOHN HOUGH, Professor of Languages.

W. C. FOWLER, Professor of Chemistry.

From J. E. Lovell, Esq., Principal of the Lancasterian School, New Haven.

I have taken some pains to acquaint myself with the character of Dr. Webster's 'History of the United States.' It is in my opinion a work of great merit, and admirably adapted to the purposes, alike, of our public and private Schools. It will not injure the reputation of its illustrious author. I shall immediately recommend it to the Visiting Committee for adoption in the higher classes of the Lancasterian School.

JOHN E. LOVELL.

AN IMPROVED GRAMMAR of the English Language.

By Noah Webster, LL. D.

A critical scholar writes, in the *Middlesex Gazette*, that "this is the only grammar which exhibits a true account of our Language."

The following is an extract from a letter to the author, from the lamented Horatio G. Spafford, the author of the *Gazetteer of the State of New York*, who fell a victim to the cholera.

"It has happened to me this morning, that I took up thy Grammar, and I examined it with an increased degree of interest and pleasure. How much I found to admire, and how much to increase my sentiments of obligation to the author, I shall omit to describe. I am greatly thy debtor, my worthy friend. This book alone ought to command the gratitude of thy country, and that country should pride itself on such an author. Posterity will do thee justice, and the time is coming, when all previous grammars will be wiped away, as the cobwebs of literature, to make way for the science of grammar in Webster."

WEBSTER'S TEACHER: a supplement to the Elementary Spelling Book.

From the Connecticut Courant.

"Dr. Webster is, every year, laying the youth of our country under new obligations of gratitude by his successful labors. It would be difficult to name another individual, in the present and past generation, who has rendered equal service to the cause of elementary education.

or contributed so largely to the improvement of the English tongue. The great American Dictionary is gradually becoming the standard of the English language in this country, and its republication in England bids fair to give it an influence abroad. But it may be doubted whether this great work, the labor of a long and industrious life, will equal, in its influence, the effects which have already followed the publication of the Spelling Book. Millions of the latter work have been circulated within the last forty years, and it is hardly possible to estimate its silent and wide-spread influence. As Americans, we should lean to the standard of our great national lexicographer. We have just reason to be proud of his labors; and every motive of justice and patriotism should lead us not to lend a ready ear to the shallow censures of those who implicitly adopt empiricism and error, provided it has an English stamp, while they have neither the intelligence nor independence to appreciate what is truly excellent in an American work.

But it is the object of these remarks to furnish our readers with some idea of the little volume whose title is at the head of this article. It is intended as a supplement to the Elementary Spelling Book. The *first* section is a table of words, pronounced alike, but differing in meaning and orthography. The *second* section embraces words written alike, but differing in accent and pronunciation. Section *third* is a brief explanation of words in common use, expressing relations, parts of animals, natural objects, civil and military officers, &c., names of buildings, plants, utensils, garments, metals,—and names used in the sacred scriptures follow in the *fourth*. The orders of architecture are briefly described in section *fifth*, with plates. Section *sixth* is a clear and compendious outline of the solar system, and the elements of Astronomy. Section *seventh* contains an admirable sketch of the prefixes, affixes, and terminations of English words, derived from foreign languages; it is worthy the attention of the scholar, while it is so simple and clear that a child may understand it. Section *eighth* treats of accentuation; and sections *ninth* and *tenth* of the derivation of words from the Latin and Greek languages. These sections will be valuable to the ripe philologist, as well as to the young pupil. Section *eleventh* is on the structure and habits of animals. It is succeeded by a moral catechism, and brief remarks on the benevolence of God, as manifested in the works of creation.

The whole book is written in that happy style of simplicity, elegance and clearness, for which all the elementary writings of the author are distinguished. We think it one of the best books he has given to the youth of our country. It is probably the last we have reason to expect from his pen; and it is truly delightful to find this Nestor of American education devoting the evening of a long and laborious life, as he did the dawn and meridian, to the service of the rising generation."

THE NEW TESTAMENT; with amendments of the language. By Noah Webster, LL. D.

JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

S. B. would call the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS, which are all got up with a proper regard for their *moral* and *instructive* influence. He is constantly engaged in making additions to his list.

NEW WORKS, JUST PUBLISHED.

THE YOUNG LADY'S READER; arranged for Examples in Rhetoric, for the higher classes in Seminaries and Schools. By Mrs. Louisa C. Tuthill.

From MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The "YOUNG LADY'S READER," a varied, and tasteful selection of prose and poetry, arranged on rhetorical principles,—is admirably calculated to supply a deficiency which has long been felt to exist, in the higher departments of Education.

Mrs. Tuthill, by making her own extensive acquaintance with English literature, available to the good of others, merits the thanks of both teacher and scholar.

L. H. S.

From J. P. BRACE, Esq. *Principal of the Hartford Female Seminary.*

I have been highly gratified by an examination of the "YOUNG LADY'S READER," which I have just finished. If I mistake not, the arrangement and the plan are entirely unlike any of the reading books now in use, and will, certainly, be well calculated for the object in view,—to teach and illustrate rhetoric, and the principles of style, by examples.

The selection has been made with judgment and taste, and must be serviceable in strengthening the judgment, and improving the taste of the reader.

J. P. BRACE.

Hartford, Feb. 2, 1839.

From the "Southern Rose," by MRS. GILMAN.

Those who scan the pages of a school book carefully, rarely think of the call that is made on the author for intellect in the selections, and patience in the arrangement. A slight examination of the Young Lady's Reader, will suffice to show how extensive a range of literature Mrs. Tuthill has embraced; and how admirable is the disposition of the various branches of style. It contains nothing objectionable to any sect, class, or party, and is, therefore, particularly well calculated for general circulation in schools. It is also a valuable *home book*, as it offers selections from authors whose works are not attainable by every private family.

REALITIES OF LIFE: Sketches designed for the Improvement of the Head and Heart. By a Philanthropist.

THE YOUNG LADY'S HOME: by Mrs. Louisa C. Tuthill.

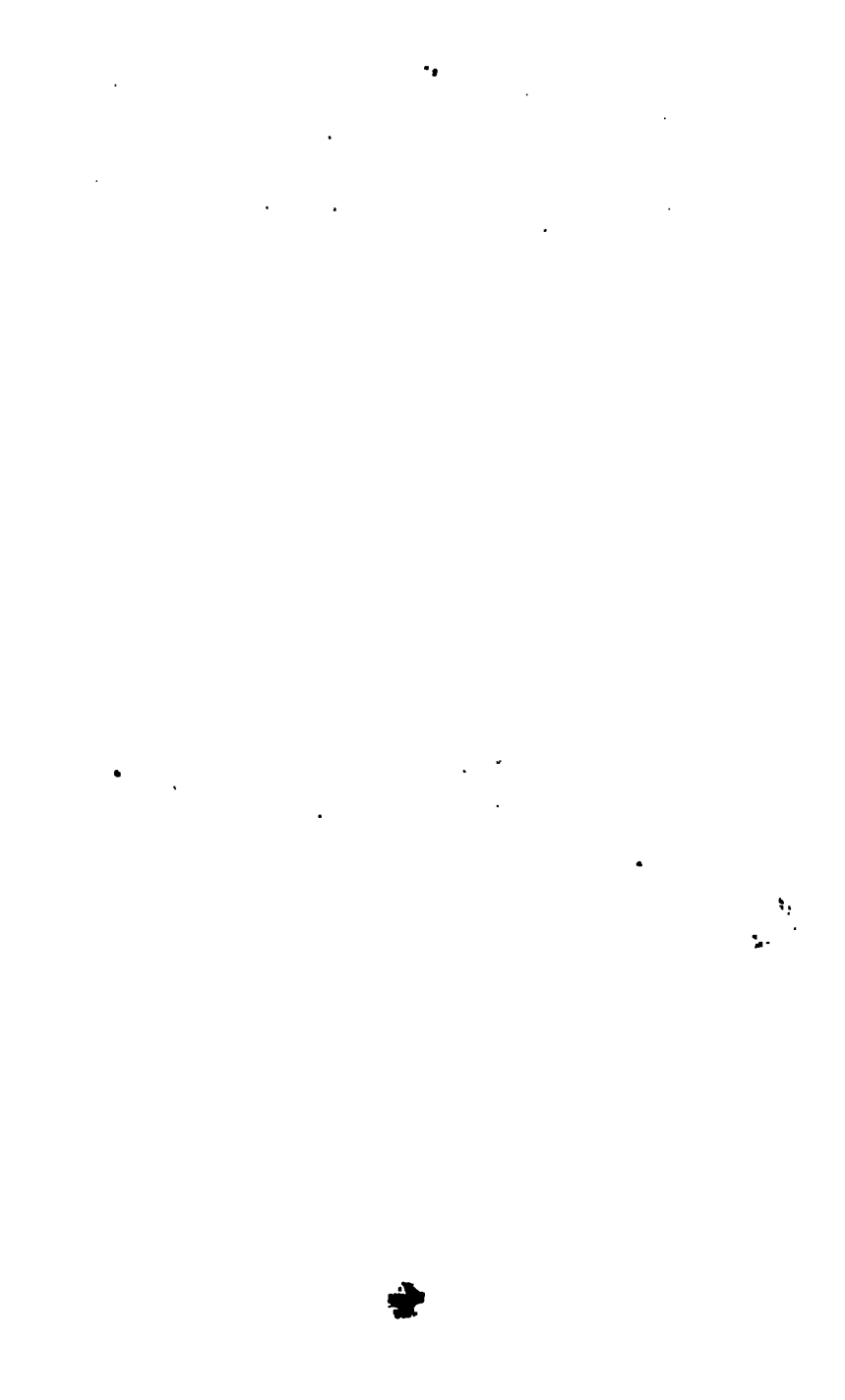
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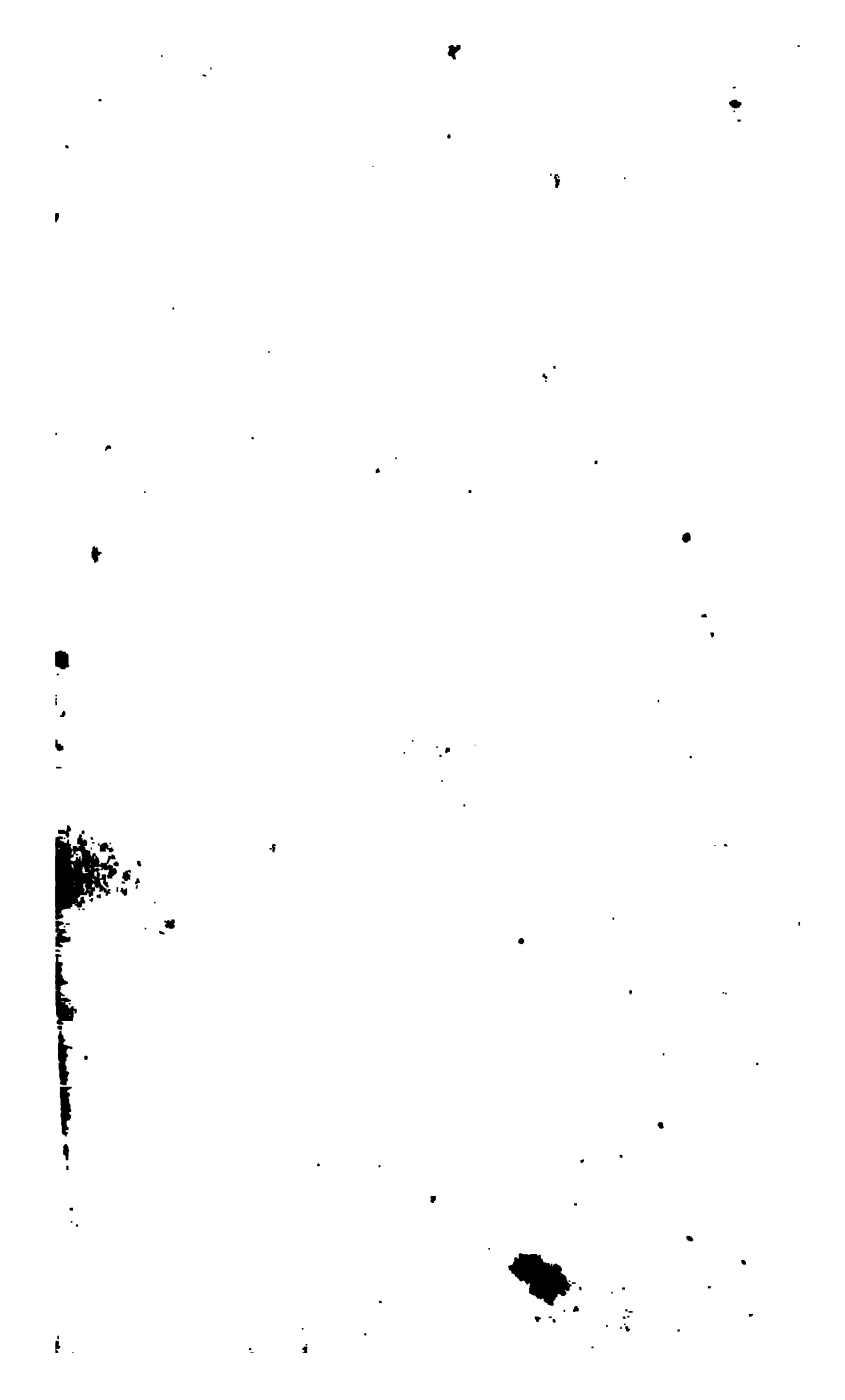
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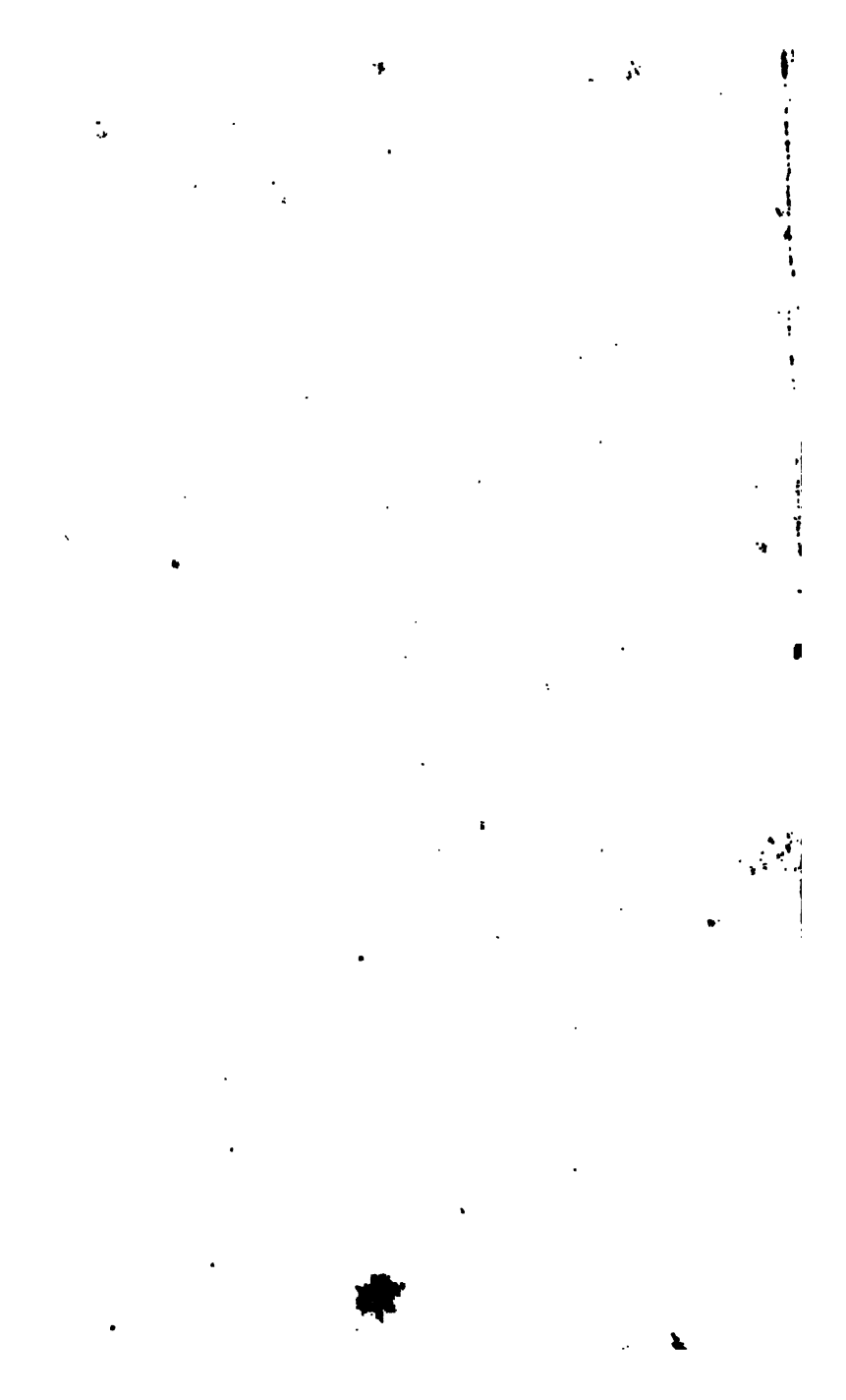
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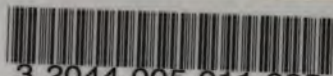
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